THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXI—No. 1052

JANUARY 30, 1924

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

"CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"—By Yogo Hama

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The SUPER CIGARETTE
Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped
20 for 1/6
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The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe
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FAST COLOURS
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LOOK for the Leopard Mark when buying shirts.
This tab guarantees the quality and colour fastness of
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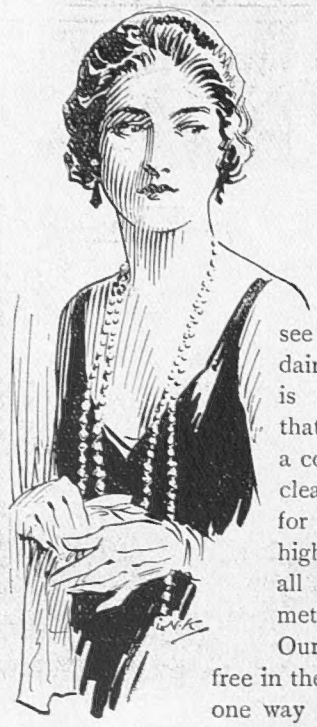

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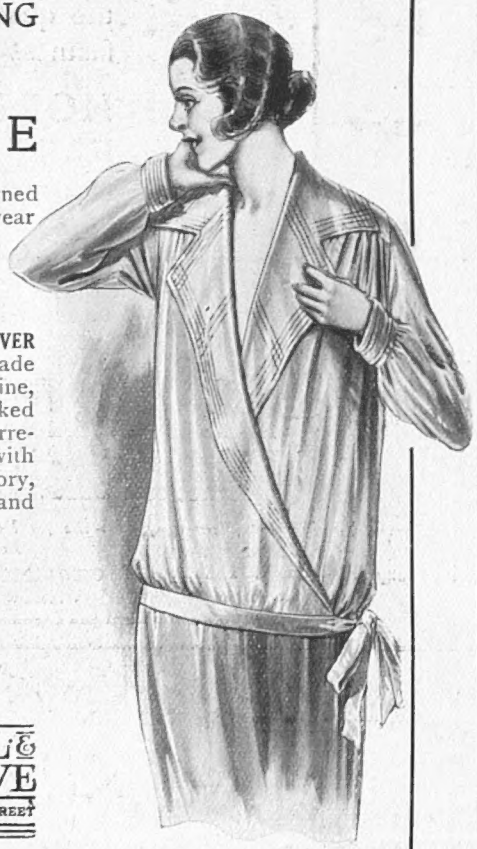

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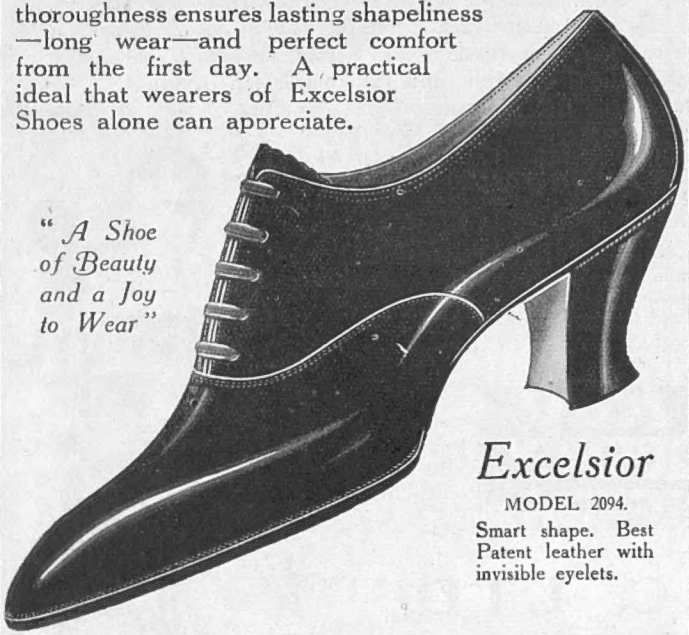

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with ANZORA CREAM if you have a greasy scalp or ANZORA VIOLA if your scalp is dry. Both are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

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Anzora Perfumery Co., Limited, Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6

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£1,000 "Beautiful Children" Competition.

In this new and interesting competition there are three distinct sections, with big prizes in each:—

A **£400** prize for "the most beautiful children of 1924," a prize of **£50** a week for a selection of "the prettiest children of the week," and a **£300** Final Voting Competition.

Everyone can, and everyone should, join in this fascinating Beauty Quest.

Full details are given daily in

THE

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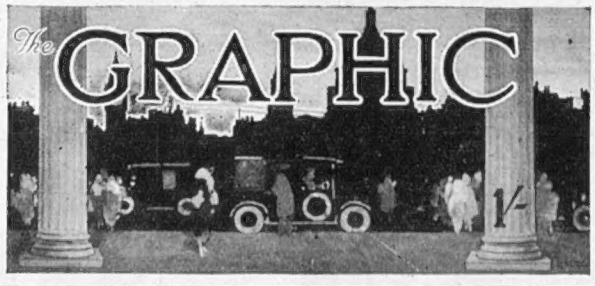

FEBRUARY 2, 1924

MORE MEMORIES OF A SAVOYARD.

By HENRY A. LYTTON,

The Famous Gilbert and Sullivan Artist.

Miss Winnie Melville writes: "I should like you to know how very satisfied I am with your PAMOIL Process."

PAMOIL

PERFECT PERMANENT WAVE

Under Royal Patronage

Miss Gertrude Elliott writes: "The PAMOIL Process surpasses any other."

is the most successful treatment ever invented for permanently waving the hair. The result is *always* satisfactory—the waves full, rich and glossy without frizz or dryness.

PAMOIL

Shampoo Powders, ideal for improving the hair. No. 1, Standard; No. 2, Henna; No. 3, Camomile; No. 4, Henna and Camomile. 3 for 1/3, post free.

The PAMOIL Way is quicker and *much* more comfortable than the old-fashioned methods, the actual heating time is but SIX minutes and NO HEAVY TUBES, STEAMING PADS, STRINGS, PLIERS, or BORAX are required.

Pamoil Waving is as comfortable as a scalp massage

FRONT WAVINGS from **35/-**. Operated by skilled experts, every one of whom has at least ten years' actual experience under the personal supervision of Mr. G. Aldworth, who has been originating and developing this difficult art for over seventeen years.

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"THE SECRET OF SLENDERNESS"

THE NEW "CORSLO" SILHOUETTE

Fashion insists upon slenderness this season, and as the "Corslo" Silhouette is the most "slimming" thing that has ever been produced, it is a necessity for every up-to-date woman. For this supremely comfortable garment combines all the necessary undergarments in one, and instead of a separate chemise and knickers and corset and princess petticoat, with their double sets of shoulder straps and their fourfold thickness of material at the waist—the "Corslo" Silhouette, which slips on and is adjusted in a moment, just moulds the figure in a single supple softness of satin or tricot. It fastens at the back under a concealing overflap, and two central and short whalebones give straightness to the front, while cleverly placed suspenders support the stockings. The petticoat part of crepe de Chine is laundry pleated, and as those whalebones are removable, and easily replaced (without any unstitching or resewing), the "Corslo" Silhouette can be washed like ordinary underwear, while the inner knickers, being detachable, can be changed as often as desired. It is indispensable for trousseaux and tropical outfits.

THE "CORSLO" SILHOUETTE (as sketch) bust-bodice, hip belt, Jupon, and Pantalon combined; top part of best quality double satin, the skirt and knickers of heavy laundry pleated crepe de Chine, pantalons detachable for washing, and boned with two steels in front to support the figure, buttoned at the back; the two pairs of suspenders attached to the garment are hidden by knickers. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist, and hips.

PRICE **8 Gns.**

Also in Cotton Tricot, **4½ Guineas.**

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TEA GOWNS

IN addition to the pretty and inexpensive Tea Gowns that are such a feature of this section, we have always in stock a charming variety of handsome and exclusive Tea Gowns copied and adapted from original Paris models.

"STELLA." The popular Tea Gown having the wide panels in handsome metal brocade, lined chiffon, depicting the medieval sleeves and side drapery in georgette, trimmed self brocade. In a good range of colours, also Black/Silver, Black/Gold.

PRICE

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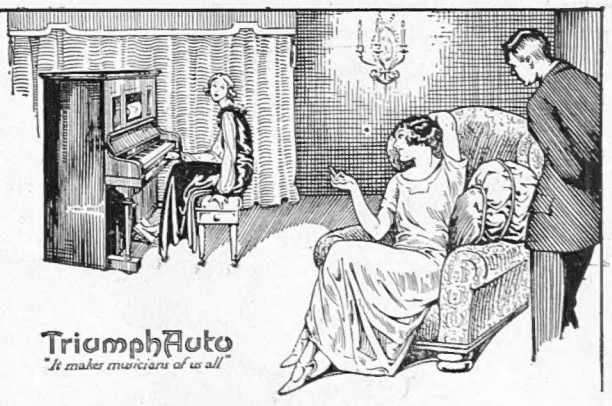

"Please play it again"

Whether as a listener or a performer, one never tires of the TriumphAuto, because music reproduced on this perfect Player-Piano loses nothing of its natural appeal. There is nothing mechanical about it; the instrument responds to the will of the player in every variation of touch and expression exactly as if played by a skilled musician. Home is all the brighter with a TriumphAuto, and purchasers who take advantage of the generous instalment terms find the cost of no account compared with the pleasure that is theirs.

If unable to call at the new Salons, where Pianos and Player-Pianos are displayed in the finest setting in London, write for Catalogue "R" illustrating 17 popular models.

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Deaf?

A New British Triumph

EACH year Mr. R. H. Dent, the originator of the "Acoustique," has brought something *new* and *better* to the aid of the Deaf, and he now announces his very latest surprise, **1924 "ACOUSHELLE" Acoustique**, a more mellow and natural aid than which has never previously been conceived.

The **"ACOUSHELLE,"** *as* a matter of fact, was completed some weeks ago, but before being offered to the public at large it was submitted to some of the many *doctors and scientific men* who themselves are "Acoustique" users, and having received their complete endorsement, it is now offered with the same confidence of perfection as the other 28 types of "Acoustique" with which the BYSTANDER readers are already familiar.

IN 1924—HEAR ALL.

There is no necessity to remain isolated and handicapped by deafness—there is an "Acoustique" for *every* case, slight or acute, whatever the cause or degree of your affliction.

Used by many of the most distinguished people in Church, Business, Political, Scientific, and Society circles, and Doctors of the ROYAL NAVAL and PENSIONS HOSPITALS.

The Non-head Attachment renders the "Acoustique" practically invisible in use, and leaves the hands free

CALL FOR FREE TEST

ASK FOR "MEDICAL PRESS OPINIONS."

"Mr R. H. DENT'S ACOUSTIQUE FOR DEAF EARS"

ASK FOR "TRUTH'S TRIBUTE."

95 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1. (Back of Selfridges). MAYFAIR 1380.

102, Union Street, GLASGOW. 9, Duke Street, CARDIFF.
51, King Street, MANCHESTER 46, Savile Street, HULL.
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Finest Tennis Hard Courts in the World

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Take the BLUE TRAIN and awaken in the SUNSHINE PARADISE

If it's a GORDON it's the BEST HOTEL

GORDON HOTELS LTD
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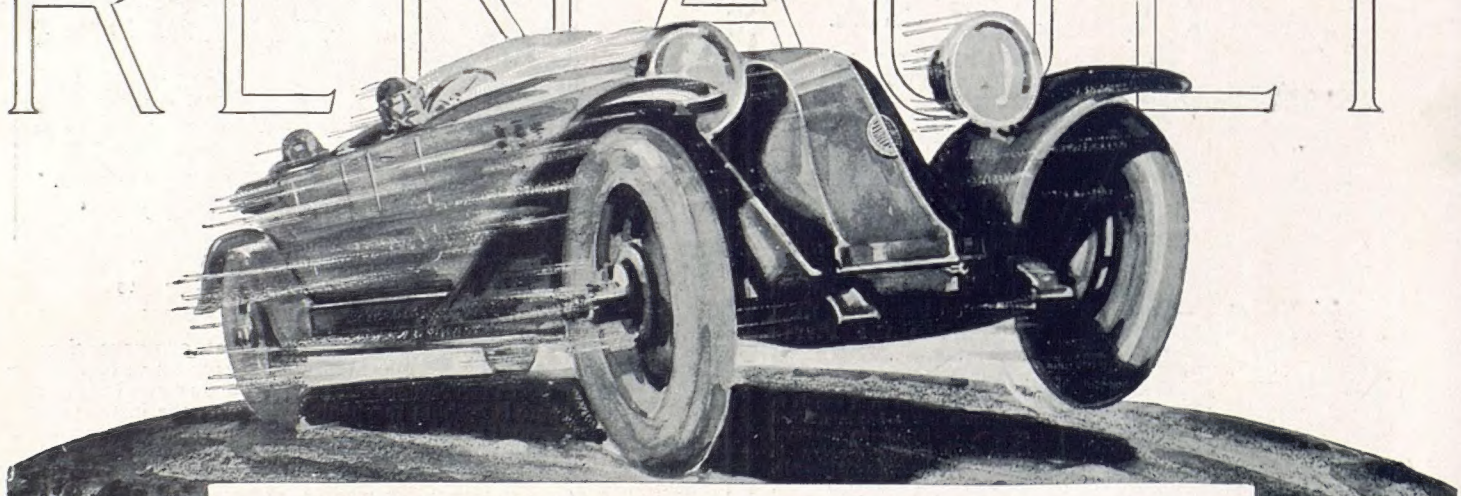
RENAULT



KEEN motorists are invited to investigate the Renault 17·9, 26·9 and 45 H.P. Cars. Because of their road-worthiness, light steering and powerful brakes, these Renault Cars are wonderfully safe at the highest speeds. Acceleration in the Renault is amazing. All these models and the 13·9 Renault are fitted with *Four Wheel Brakes.*

13·9 h.p. Chassis - £370
17·9 h.p. Short Chassis £595
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RENAULT
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26·9 h.p. Short Chassis £925
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Telephones: Regent 974 & Western 3020-1. Please address all enquiries to Head Office.

The Bystander, January 30, 1924 No. 1052. Vol. LXXXI.

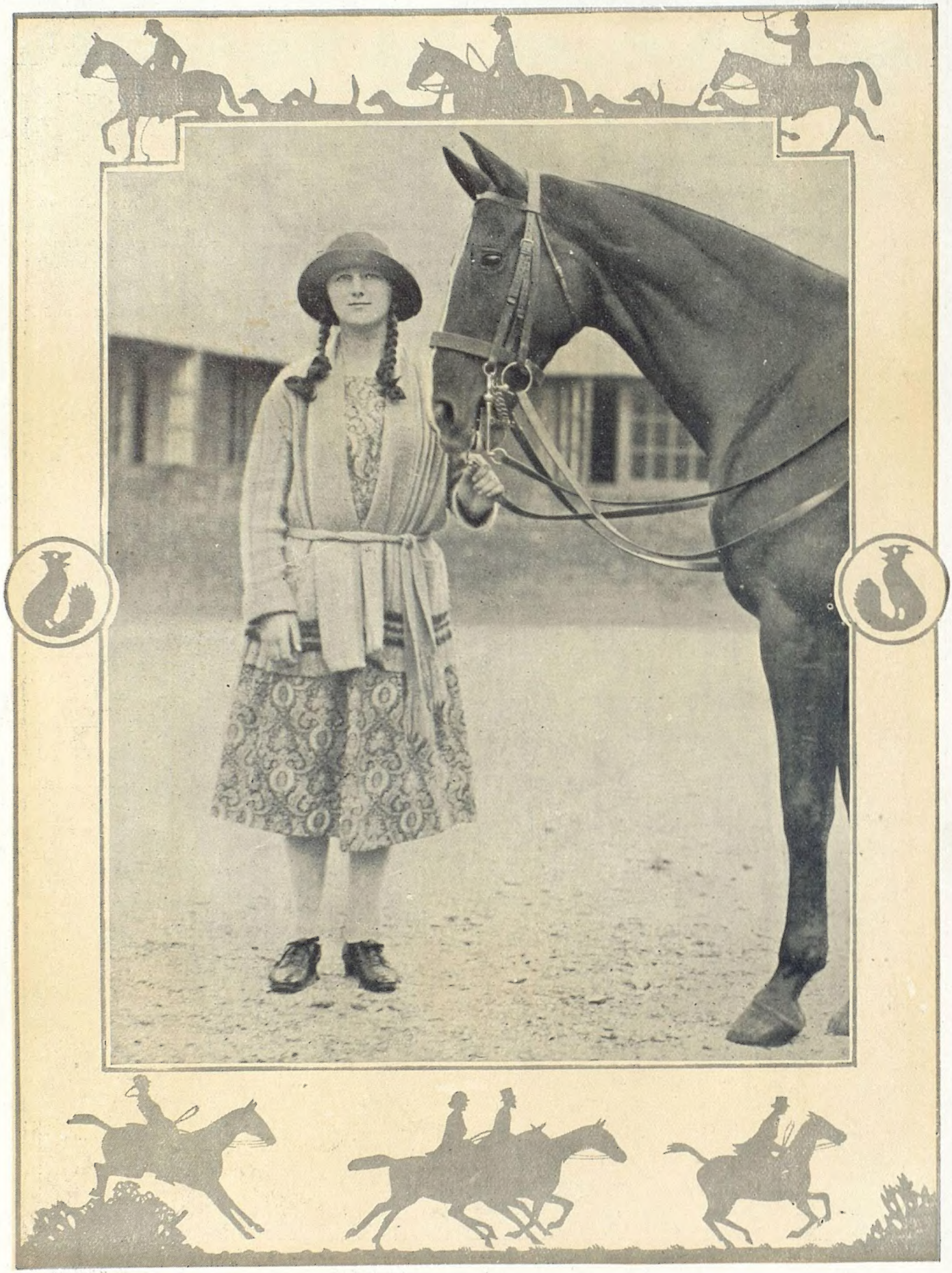
The BYSTANDER

Exclusive photograph to THE BYSTANDER *by Poole, Waterford*

LADY HILLINGDON

The wife of the popular Grafton M.F.H., and a keen rider to hounds. She is a daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and the Hon. Lady Meux

Quite at Home



Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST

An unconventional study of Lord and Lady Wimborne's youngest daughter photographed with her favourite hunter, "Paradox." Miss Guest hunts with the Pytchley and the Grafton

Stirring Times

WHAT a week! Strike! Labour Government! Political Crises! No wonder the easy-going conservative public began to wonder if the world was coming to an end. Pessimists were convinced that this was the case, while the Optimists—when you found them—contented themselves by being thankful that we were getting it all over at one and the same time.

A Sensational Decade

THE appointment of a Labour Government comes as a suitable climax to a sensational decade. To sit in a chair and think over the events of the past ten years is to realise that we are privileged to live in an age that has had no equivalent in the world's history. Broadcasting, alone, would mark it as an outstanding epoch, and the advance of Democracy is a greater social phenomenon than any the history books have to record.

Labour Logic

THE Labour leaders are fully alive to the need for caution. Said one of them: "Charles the First lost his head in the last social upheaval; we must be careful *we* don't lose *our* heads in this one." I liked him for that.

Friendly Relations

IT was unfortunate that the engine drivers allowed themselves to be dragged into a quarrel with the travelling public, by whom they have always been held in the highest esteem. We have all of us said hard things about porters, booking clerks and ticket-collectors, but I have never heard a word against the knight of the foot-plate. He does his job, in normal times, in a quiet and efficient manner, as all highly skilled men have a habit of doing, and he doesn't hold out his cap for a tip, although he, of all public servants, is the most deserving. Here's hoping these friendly relations have been resumed by the time this BYSTANDER appears.

The Loser Laughs

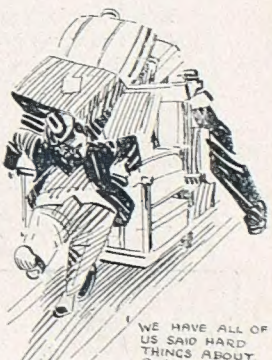
ONE of my faithful BYSTANDERS is very hot and bothered about Germany—a country with which we had certain dealings a few years ago. "Germany," he writes, "owes me (as a taxpayer) a good deal of money. I am shortly passing through a small corner of the country on my way to Switzerland. I am not leaving the train and I shan't even see the scenery as it will be dark, yet for this doubtful pleasure the German Consulate in London is allowed to charge me ten shillings for a *visa*. Funny situation, isn't it?" My correspondent is quite right—the situation is decidedly humorous.

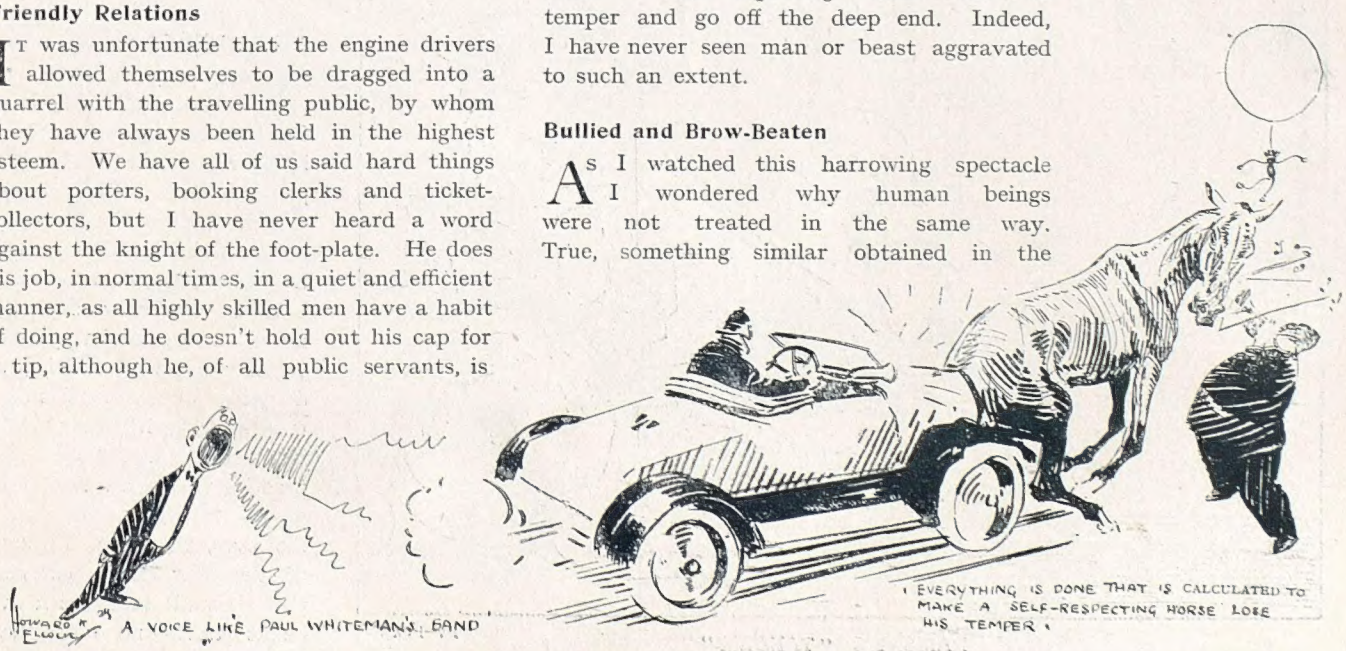
Sheer Aggravation

IF you have wondered why the horses of our mounted police are so docile under difficult conditions, you should go to Imber Court, Thames Ditton, and see them being trained to put up with any sort of petty annoyance that may happen along. Trays are banged, trumpets are blown and everything is done that is calculated to make a self-respecting horse lose his temper and go off the deep end. Indeed, I have never seen man or beast aggravated to such an extent.

Bullied and Brow-Beaten

AS I watched this harrowing spectacle I wondered why human beings were not treated in the same way. True, something similar obtained in the





Army, when the wretched recruit was hurried and harried, bawled at, barked at, bullied and brow-beaten until he was in a fit state of mind to put up with anything. But the civilian has never enjoyed the advantages reserved for private soldiers and the horses of the Metropolitan Mounted Police, and I suggest that he should no longer be deprived of the privileges to which I have referred.

A Possible Revival

AUBREY HAMMOND is showing some of his Grand Guignol designs at the Piccadilly Galleries, and I have been wondering if we are likely to see a revival of that very interesting experiment in dramatic art. Reginald Berkeley, who wrote the grim little thriller, *Eight O'clock*, is now a Member of Parliament, and others of José Levy's young men have developed in various directions, but I fancy they would be all glad to serve again under the same banner.

Broad in the Beam

REVERTING to Aubrey Hammond's exhibition, I'm so glad to learn from the foreword to the catalogue that he is not a revolutionary. He would be a terribly dangerous fellow to handle if he started running amok, being almost any height you like to mention and wide in proportion. Myself, speaking as a thin man, I think it pays to be a bit "broad in the beam." People are always ready to believe the best of a big man, though whether this is because they are afraid to do otherwise I couldn't say.

Chorus, Gentlemen!

I ONCE wrote a "Song Against Fat Men," the chorus of which went somewhat on these lines:

Don't fall in love with a fat man,
Don't marry him, girls, I implore.
You'll take him to church
And be left in the lurch
Because he can't get through the door.
You've heard that we have no bananas,
For sale upon barrow or stall.
The reason is plain,
But I'll tell you again—
YES! The fat men have eaten them all.

Exit the Music Hall

IT seems to be generally admitted that the day of the music-hall is over and done. The business was killed in London because the modern palace of variety was too huge to accommodate the single turn, which was the mainstay and prop of the old-time show. A man must needs have the bulk of an elephant or a voice like Paul Whiteman's band to make good at the Variedrome, and though the little men with big umbrellas stuck it for a season or two, they gradually gave up the unequal contest and drifted out into the provinces with an occasional visit to a suburban hall.

Sad Results

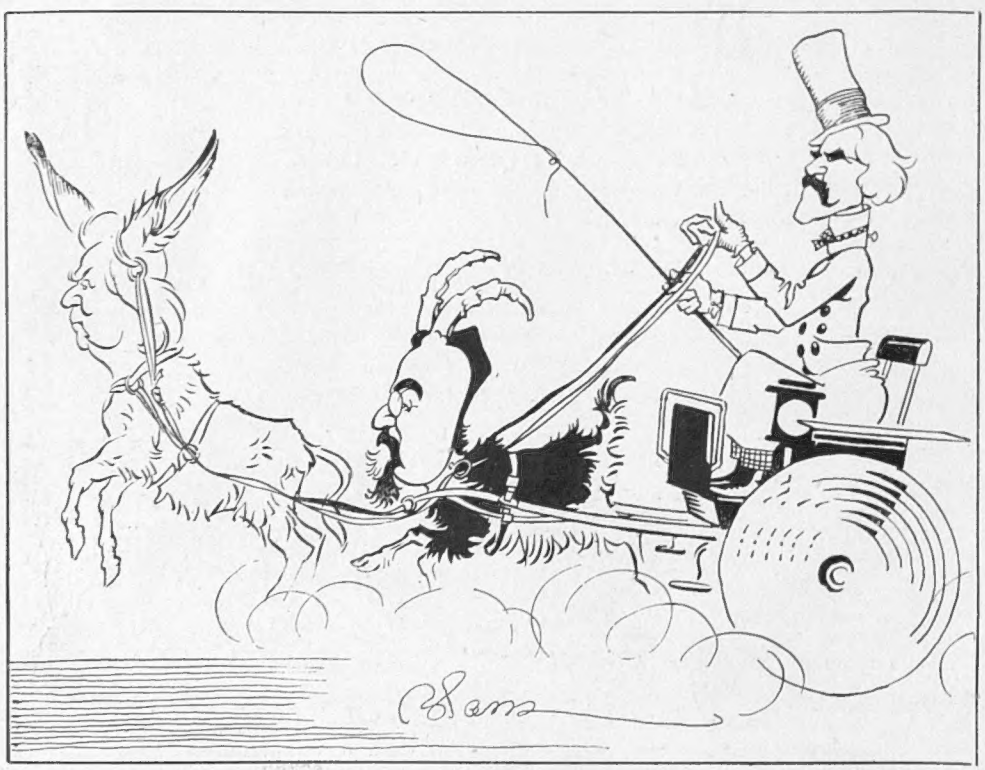
NATURALLY, the West End halls set the pace for the provinces, for you cannot be a star until you bear the London hall-mark upon your printing matter. Consequently, as the metropolitan managers stopped trying to establish single turns in popular favour, the provinces were compelled to follow suit, with the same sad results. Matters were brought to a head at a recent Royal matinée, when there was a chorus of disapproval—after which we settled down to our now customary fare, provided by the Portuguese, the Armenians and the Greeks.

Strandscapes

THE housebreakers in the Strand are doing with their picks and shovels what the German airmen failed to do with their bombs. Provincial readers can have no idea what a startling change in the Strandscape is being effected, and the Londoner who risks his life daily in getting from Bedford Street to the Adelphi, or from Wellington Street to Waterloo Bridge, can but stand and gasp as huge buildings are torn from their position and removed by some unknown agency to some destination equally unknown.

A New Minister?

I HAVE heard it suggested quite seriously that the new Government should establish a Ministry of Fine Arts and instal James Pryde as the first Minister. Such an appointment would honour the country more than it would honour the artist, for Pryde is generally admitted to be one of the greatest practitioners in paint that this country possesses. His latest picture, "The Ragged Room," now on show at the Goupil Gallery, is sufficient evidence of this fact.



RAMSAY'S "TANDEM" By BIAM
Asquith, leader; "Nanny" Webb, wheeler!

A Legal Problem

THE problem exercising the minds of Bench and Bar at the moment, is an intriguing one. Should counsel practise before their fathers or near relatives? Obviously, it would be unfair to saddle the Bar with a barring clause, but I can only say that when a certain young country solicitor married the daughter of the local magistrate's clerk, he never lacked instructions and built up a practice which was the envy of his brother professionals. However, the General Council of the Bar have exercised their usual tact, with the result that—no steps have been taken.

A "Liberal" Education

BY E. T. REED

OUR LITTLE EXPERIMENT IN POLITICAL PROPHECY

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
RUSSIAN ROMANTIC THEATRE BALLET CO., LEE WHITE & CLAY SMITH WILTON SISTERS, OSBORNE & PERRYER, De Serris Living Art Studies, Loyal's Pigeons, D'Arty & Partner, Etc.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201)
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Photograph G. P. U.

TOPPERS—AT LEAST, TWO OF THE HATS ARE

Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. J. R. Clynes, and Mr. Arthur Henderson leaving Buckingham Palace after attending their first Council as Ministers of the Crown. Labour appears to have advanced considerably since the days when Keir Hardie created such a sensation by appearing in the House in Harris tweeds, red tie, and deerstalker cap

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Court and Cabinet

THE fact that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is going to be his own Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has roused quite a flutter amongst the *Corps Diplomatique*. Presentations at Court of the ladies of diplomacy are invariably made by the wife of the Foreign Secretary. But Mr. MacDonald is a widower. So the question is being asked in Embassies and Legations, "Who will make the diplomatic presentations?"

It is likewise a rule that Cabinet Ministers should attend Levées and that they and their wives should attend Courts. Will the more "advanced" of the new Ministers put themselves into the regulation garb, and will their wives adorn themselves with trains and feathers? And if they do, what will the rank and file of the advanced Socialists say?

Myself, I believe we shall see all the new Cabinet Ministers in Levée dress and their wives in Court trains and feathers making their bows and curtseys to Majesty. At a distance, established customs and institutions may make telling subjects for hot air speeches and hysterical perorations. But seen at close hand—it's a very different story. The customs and institutions so freely despised in other days become part and parcel of Cabinet rank. It's just automatic. The Court is the most levelling institution in the country, and whilst most social levelling is downwards, this levelling is upwards.

I remember telling you, my gentles, some time ago that if the Americans can say that every boy born in the United States has a chance of being President, we in England certainly can say that every boy has the chance of a coronet. And here is the proof.

Of the new Cabinet, Mr. Philip Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the son of a weaver; Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Secretary for the Colonies, began life as an errand boy; Mr. John Wheatley, the Minister of Health, and Mr. William Adamson, the Secretary for Scotland, were both working in mines when they were eleven. Mr. Clynes, Lord Privy Seal, was a wage-earner in a cotton-mill when he was ten, as was also Mr. Thomas Shaw, the Minister of Labour. Mr. F. W. Jowett, the First Commissioner of Works, started life in a factory at the tender age of eight, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Home Secretary, served his apprenticeship as a moulder. Mr. MacDonald himself became a clerk in London because the master of a Scottish school village thought he had talents above work in the fields. So, whatever may be the record of our new Government, the most burning Marble Arch orator, the rankest, reddest Socialistic-Republican, can never say again that nobody except the capitalist, the aristocrat and the *bourgeois* has a voice in the governing of the Empire.

A Surprise

LORD HALDANE becoming Lord Chancellor, and Lord Parmoor, President of the Council, didn't surprise anybody. Lord Haldane's views are well-known. Lord Parmoor was Attorney-General to the late King Edward and to the King as Princes of Wales, and to our Prince of to-day, and formerly a Conservative Member of Parliament. He is a great Churchman and brother-in-law through his first wife to Mr. Sidney Webb, the President of the Board of Trade.

AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE BELLS

Otherwise No. 10, Downing Street. Miss Ishbel MacDonald, daughter of the first Labour Prime Minister, about to "take possession." This is the sort of move that householders dream of — no agents, no premium, central situation, baths h. & c. (we hope). But alas! No option on renewal!

But Lord Chelmsford's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty was the surprise of surprises. The secret had been kept most carefully. A lot of folks of the old brigade were shocked when they read their *Times* last Wednesday

morning. A Fellow of All Souls, a Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, an ex-Governor of Queensland and New South Wales and an ex-Viceroy of India taking office in a Socialist Government! "Tut! Tut! The world is turning upside down!" said hundreds of dear old ladies and gentlemen.

But I am told that Lord Chelmsford is taking office from wholly patriotic motives; that it was pointed out to him he could do the country signal service in the new Government. That, I am sure, is the explanation.

Socially, of course, he is the most valuable asset the new Government possesses, and I expect you will see that the biggest amount of official entertaining for the Government will fall on Lady Chelmsford, who was a daughter of the first Lord Wimborne, and one of the most popular hostesses we have ever sent Overseas.

Lord Chelmsford was the third baron when he was created a Viscount three years ago at the end of his five years Viceroyalty in India. His father was the most criticised and hated man in England when he commanded our troops during the Zulu War.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

Brigadier-General J. B. Wroughton, C.M.G., does a little reconnoitring in the hills about St. Moritz with the able assistance of skis, pair of, one

"Tweedier and Tweedier"

WHILST we are talking about the political atmosphere I must tell you this—your BYSTANDER sees and hears every side, that's the joy of being a BYSTANDER. I have a friend, one of the dearest and kindest of women. But she keeps to her epoch and is rigidly Victorian.

The disappearance of the tail-coat upon afternoon calls has annoyed her greatly. Jackets, she thinks, except during the winter, show a lack of respect to your hostess. However, poor dear, like everybody else, she has had to accept the changing time, although she did say in a voice of ice and honey to a young man who went to dinner *chez elle* in a smoking jacket and a black tie:

"You must have a very stupid servant. He has put you out the wrong clothes!"

I went to see this lady of another time on the day the new Government was announced to a wondering and waiting world.

"So the Socialists are in?" she said. "Well, I suppose all the Cabinet Ministers will go to the House in Cardigan jackets and you men will get tweedier and tweedier!"

Photograph *Central Press*

WINTER SPORT EN FAMILLE

General Sir Guy and Lady Bainbridge discussing the prospects of one of the runs at Wengen, the popular resort in the Bernese Oberland, with their two daughters, the Misses Pat and June Bainbridge

Telephone Tact

THERE'S one little point that the guides to etiquette never mention—and that is the use of other peoples' telephones. You can suffer in your pocket in London from guests to luncheon, tea or even dinner, who ask you sweetly, "May I use our telephone?" but in the country it sometimes becomes a heavy charge.

A hostess who entertains nearly every week-end in Sussex told me the other day that her guests added pounds a quarter to her telephone bill. They had perpetual calls to London, or telephoned telegrams to the local post-office, and it never seemed to enter their heads that calls and telegrams would have to be paid for. She said, "They use my telephone as if it were a tap in the bathroom."

It's very odd, but, then, human nature always is odd. No guest would ever dream of asking his host or hostess to stamp his letters or pay for his telegrams whilst he was staying in their house, yet scarcely anybody thinks of suggesting payment for telephone calls or telegrams sent by telephone.

Complaints from country houses on this point are so general that I venture this word of advice. Why not put above the telephone-receiver a card on which is printed or written the call-charge to London, and the intimation that telephoned telegrams cost a penny a word, with the further information that the money is to be put in a box, or paid in any way the host thinks best.

Some people have the weirdest ideas of the extent of hospitality. There are people who will use your telephone for three hours a day and never think of paying for a single call, yet they would be insulted to

Photograph *Central Press*

UP THE (SNOW) LINE

A tour of inspection of the mountain front photographed during a visit to Jungfrau-Joch. Col. J. G. Brockbank (left), Mrs. and Mr. J. F. Fergusson, Mrs. F. R. Phillips, Miss R. Mander and Fritz Grauf, the guide—who, unlike some of those met with during the War, never loses his way

the 9th if you paid their laundry bill during their visit to your house, or gave them the money to tip your servants.

A Tragedy

LIFE can be very bitter for Royal ladies who fling their bonnets over windmills, bitterer than for ordinary folk. The story from Brussels of the utter destitution to which the former Crown Princess of Saxony, born Arch-

Photograph *Central Press*

MUTUAL SUPPORT

Miss A. Thompson (left) and Miss Moreen Geoghegan lend each other a little support on the advent of the photographer during a turn on the rink at Wengen

duchess of Hapsburg-Tuscany, has fallen is horrible when one thinks of other days. The interest on her dowry is paid by her first husband, the ex-King of Saxony, in German marks. It works out at 4½*d.* a quarter!

As I have said, when one thinks of other times, it is horrible, and yet no one dug a pit for herself more completely than this unhappy woman.

I saw her twice. The first time, as Crown Princess of Saxony, at a Court function at Dresden. She was not pretty, but had an air of great distinction, and her charming manner and affability stood in strong contrast to the stiffness of the other Royal ladies. And she wore beautiful clothes—which the other Royal ladies didn't.

But she had no tact. Her father was the dethroned Grand Duke of Tuscany and an Austrian Archduke. She was, therefore, an Austrian Archduchess and an Imperial Highness. Before I went to the Court function I was warned by a friend that when I was presented to the Crown Princess I must address her as "Imperial and Royal Highness." She was the first by birth and the second by marriage, and insisted on having both. And she insisted on this point, so even her well-wishers said, in order to annoy her husband's female relatives, who, to quote herself, were "only Royal Highnesses."

Her husband was devoted to her, she

Photograph *Central Press*

A PLACE IN THE SUN

Lady Francis Scott (left), Lady Cheetham and Sir Milne Cheetham, the British Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland, enjoying an "easy" on the rink at Wengen

had a large family, yet one fine day Europe was scandalised by the news of her flight with her son's tutor, a man called Giron.

"Imperial and Royal"

THE old Emperor Francis Joseph had his own way of dealing with family scandals. Before the couple could reach their destination, M. Giron was taken out of the train and the Crown Princess popped into a sanatorium. But the worst had happened—all the world knew of the elopement, and, so far as Saxony and Austria

Photograph *Keystone*

ROUND THE RINK

Lady Myers and her daughter, Barbara, who appears to have left her skates behind her, enjoying the winter sunshine on the famous ice rink at St. Moritz

were concerned, the foolish Crown Princess was finished.

She took a villa at Florence, and it was there I saw her for the second time. Two English ladies of my acquaintance living in Florence were devoted to her. They believed she was a wronged and cruelly ill-treated woman, and with other English ladies, all reputable and respectable and very much of the world, they made a little Court about her.

One afternoon I was taken to tea *chez* the Countess de Montignoso, as the lady styled herself. It was all very royal, beautiful curtseys, and "Your Imperial and Royal Highnesses" twittered out every other minute. But to me, a stranger, she poured out a

Photograph *Central Press*

IT'S SO SIMPLE—WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

Lady Francis Scott, who is an accomplished skater, wears that care-free expression which is singularly lacking on the face of the beginner, on whom the problem of equilibrium usually weighs somewhat heavily

long story of her husband's cruelty. I felt, "Methinks, the lady doth protest too much."

Then came her marriage to Toselli, a composer of talent, but a man of the lower *bourgeoisie*. That finished her with the sympathetic English ladies. Her lawsuits with Toselli, her book of memoirs, knocked nail after nail into her social coffin. And now after the *débâcle* of the Hapsburgs and the end of the kingdom of Saxony, she is reduced to the utmost penury. An unusual history amongst imperial and royal women.

A Ducal Suggestion

THE Duchess of Hamilton has voiced an opinion which is held in various forms by a good many people. After seeing her son, Lord Clydesdale, in a boxing contest at the Bermondsey Town Hall, she said what a pity it was we couldn't go back to the old days when differences between tribes and nations were settled by a fight between picked men. A fight between a hundred boxers on each side to settle differences between two nations

Photograph *Sport and General*

DANCING TIME IN HUNTLAND

Some of the guests at the Cumberland Hunt Ball give the flash-light exponent an opportunity to demonstrate his skill in the County Hall, Carlisle. The Master, Sir Wilfred Lawson, is seated second from the right in the front row

the Duchess thinks, would be "much better" than "dreadful war." I agree with all my heart, but wouldn't it be better still to make the actual people who bring about wars—aren't they called politicians?—take on the fighting?

If the League of Nations could impose this rule on Europe, wes houldn't have many "trials by combat." Politicians don't like that form of excitement.

People howl and growl about the time we live in. But never was there greater liberty for anybody. We can all do just what we like, including my Lord Clydesdale, the Duke of Hamilton's heir. To-day he can box at the Stadium and at the Bermondsey Town Hall under the approving eye of his Duchess mother. Twenty years ago a duchess would have thought her son was going headlong to perdition if he appeared in a public boxing-ring, and his ducal father would have cut off his allowance.

The Queen's Doll House

THE doll's house, which has been built, decorated, and furnished by our leading artists and craftsmen as a gift to the Queen, will be one of the attractions at Wembley during the British Empire Exhibition. The money paid to see this complete and perfect reproduction in little, in every detail, of a house of our period will be distributed amongst charities chosen by the Queen.

Romance

THE Duke of Leeds, whose yacht was sunk by a mine during the War whilst on Naval service, has only just replaced it. As Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron one would have thought a yacht was an absolute necessity, but until now the Duke has managed without one.

The Duchess of Leeds, who is one of Lord Durham's sisters, is the least known of all our Duchesses. She is not strong, and spends the winter—and very often much of the spring—at Bordighera, where they have a beautiful villa, Salva Dolce. Hornby Castle, the Leeds place in Yorkshire, only sees the Duchess for brief periods during the summer.

It is a superb place with all sorts of treasures in its rooms. Amongst these is a spinning-wheel which belonged to Madame de Pompadour, and a First Folio Shakespeare which belonged to William Congreve, the very free-and-easy dramatist of the Restoration. London was responsible for the foundation of the Leeds family, its fortunes beginning with the marriage of a London apprentice called Osborne to the daughter of his master, Sir William Hewitt, a goldsmith. The young man rescued the young woman from the Thames, received her hand in marriage, and the result was a line of dukes of which the present holder of the title is the tenth.

The Master of the King's Stables

THERE has been a change in the management of the Royal Stables. Sir Charles Fitzwilliam has given up his post as Master of the Stables to the King, and has been succeeded by Colonel Arthur Erskine, a son of the late Sir David Erskine of Cardross, the stately and imposing Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons.

The post of Master of the Stables to the King carries with it many heavy duties. For instance, all the arrangements for Royal processions are in his hands, and he acts for the Master of the Horse precisely as a permanent official at Whitehall acts for a Minister. Sir Charles Fitzwilliam, who is Lord Fitzwilliam's uncle, is seventy-six, and has been in the King's service from the time His Majesty became Prince of Wales.

The post carries with it a residence in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace which Sir Charles and Lady Fitzwilliam will now vacate.

Photograph *Claude Harris*

LADY ROSAMOND GALLWEY-ROBERTSON

The eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carrick who married Mr. Lionel Gallwey-Robertson of the Suffolk Regt. in 1919. Her father, the seventh Earl, sits as Baron Butler

Gruesome

THERE is one thing about the Victorians which we in this present age of grace—or whatever you like to call it—cannot understand. And that is their interest in relics of the dead. To us, brooches with a lock of hair belonging to a dead person arranged in a pattern behind glass, the keeping of personal apparel worn by the dead, and all the other ways in which the Victorian custom expressed itself, seem unhealthy and morbid.

Photograph *G. P. A.*

THE GUNS AND THE VICTIMS

Members of a shooting party held at Cairo on the occasion of the visit of Prince Arthur of Connaught, who broke his journey in Egypt on the way home from South Africa. The group includes: Prince Arthur (centre), Captain Lord Hill (on the extreme left), Saleh Bey Euan, Zulficar Pasha and Castle Sureti Pasha

A lecture on the tomb of Charles I at Windsor has recently brought to light a curious example of what to us seems ghoulishness, but which, forty or fifty years ago, was considered ordinary and natural. The lecturer said that the tomb of Charles I was opened in 1813, and before the coffin was sealed down certain relics were removed and placed in an ebony box. The person into whose possession this box ultimately passed gave it to the late King Edward when Prince of Wales.

For months it stood on the Prince's writing-table—surely the most curious *memento mori* that ever stood on a writing-table. Then one day a friend of the Prince's pointed out that these precious relics of his martyr-ancestor might be stolen or even destroyed by the flick of a servant's duster. He suggested that their proper place was with the coffin from which they had been taken.

The Prince agreed. One evening, with the Dean of Windsor and other officials, the Prince went to St. George's Chapel. A hole had been cut in the floor immediately above King Charles's coffin, and through this the Prince himself lowered the box.

But the gruesomeness of taking the relics out of the coffin and keeping them in an ebony box as a sort of historical curiosity did not seem to strike anybody at that time.

Photograph *Willie Burke*

A MADRAS WEDDING

The Earl of Shannon with his bride, Miss Marjorie Walker, after their marriage at Ootacamund. Lord Shannon, who served in the Royal Fusiliers, is A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras

Photograph *Valentine*

MRS. M. DAVIS

A recent portrait of the wife of the Managing Director of the Central News Agency of South Africa

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THE Duke of York has become President of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, a position which was held for many years by the late Duke of Somerset.

The Entry Scratched

QUITE a number of people have read their own obituary notices in the newspapers—is it not on record that a lady sent the notice of her death to a newspaper "just to see what people would say about her"?—but to hear a village church bell tolling for your departure out of this world is, surely, a novel experience. But it happened to a baronet. He was seriously ill, an obstinate sleeplessness complicating matters. Then Nature re-asserted herself and he slept steadily for hours.

Shortly after he woke he heard the church bell tolling. "Who has died in the village?" he asked his nurse.

"Please, sir," the woman blurted out, "it's for you. We thought you'd gone!"

"Send my compliments to the Vicar," said the baronet, "and tell him the entry's scratched." Then he turned over and went to sleep again.

Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

The Riviera Week by Week

Photograph A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION [*Topical*

Prince Louis II of Monaco and Princess Charlotte leaving the cathedral after the service on the Prince's birthday. The guard of honour in their comic opera uniforms, lend an additional touch of gay colouring which is never absent in that favoured realm, the "Kingdom of Monte"

Photograph *Central News*

THE NAVY IN ATTENDANCE

Commander Spicer Simson (left) and Vice-Admiral Sir John Parry leaving Monaco Cathedral for the State Banquet given by Prince Louis to celebrate his birthday

WHILE the political crisis has called some visitors back to London and prevented others from beginning their customary winter sun-cure, the Riviera is, undoubtedly, fuller than it has ever been at this time of the year, and every express from the north is crowded. Monte Carlo, being the most compact of our coast resorts in the South, naturally looks the fullest of all, and, in fact, accommodation is beginning to be difficult to secure in the little Principality. Nice, with its hundred or so of large hotels and countless smaller ones, can always find room for more guests, although the Trans-Atlantic liners are now pouring crowds of American tourists into this district direct from the other—and drier—side. At Cannes the receipts from the *taxe de séjour* show a large increase, the Baccarat Cercle reports far more members than last season, and the Committee of the Golf Club have been compelled reluctantly by the increasing congestion to announce that in future day members cannot be admitted, unless they are actually playing with members of the Club.

SPEAKING of the Golf Club, a new record has just been established here, but not by a player. The premises have been entered by burglars no fewer than four times during the past month, on one occasion the office safe being transported a considerable distance away and 5,000 francs removed. Major Harvey says he always feared the Club was becoming too popular!

THE Duke and Duchess of Vendôme are entertaining lavishly at the Château St. Michel, which is one of the stateliest homes on the Californie Hill. At a recent musical reception there were present, in addition to the Duc de Nemours, who might easily pass for a young Englishman, and the Princess de Bourbon-Sicile, the following representative list of residents and visitors to Cannes: Princess Alexis Karageorgevitch, the Duke and Duchess de la Force, Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, H.E. Mr. Brand Whitlock, the late American Ambassador to Belgium, and Mrs. Brand Whitlock, Major-General Lord Cheylesmore and Lady Cheylesmore, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, Maud Lady Orr-Lewis, Lady Coats, the Hon. Sir Alan Johnstone—whose niece has just made so successful a first appearance in Reinhardt's *Miracle* in New York—Baron and Baroness de Ramsay, the Marquise du Bourg de Bozas, Comte and Comtesse de la Salle, Comtesse Clemansin du Maine and her three sons, M. and Madame Vagliano, the Marquess de Fressinet de Bellanger, M. Pierre Mallet, M. and Madame Mouravieff-Apostol, and many others.

THE gala dinners at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs are quite remarkable gatherings, and it is absolutely necessary to reserve one's table many days in advance. Domergue is giving full rein to his fertile imagination in designing decorative schemes for each occasion. The hunting gala produced some weird and wonderful sporting costumes, Billy Arnold's jazz band, as usual, supplying the comic element. The Gala à la Velasquez was very picturesque and warm in colouring, or, at least, as warm as the somewhat cold, white lighting of the vast hall permits, while the gala representing the whole history, reliable and very unreliable, of the automobile from the days of Boadicea and her auto-chariot down to the present times was made notable by the offer of the Casino management to supply free of charge motor-cars to bring to the dinner and take home later on any guests who had no cars of their own available. Such generosity, of course, was for this night only.

Photograph *E. Navello*

A LITTLE WALK, A LITTLE TALK—AT CANNES

Enthusiasts who were present at the opening of the Cannes Polo season strolling over the ground. Mrs. Converse (left), Mrs. Lehman, Mme. A. M. Pena, Mr. Lehman and Major P. Magor.

RECENT arrivals in Cannes include the Right Hon. General Sir Neville Lyttleton, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, who is staying with Lady Lyttleton as the guest of Sir John Cecil Power, Bart., at the Villa Nevada, Lord Queensborough, who is at the Villa Kasbeck with General Sir Arthur Paget, Sir George Ellison, General Sir Kincaid Smith—both frequently at the Golf Club—Sir John Rutherford, who is with Sir Mortimer Davis, and Mr. Duncan Collie, one of the most prominent personalities in the Baccarat Cercle each night, Sir George and Lady Watson, Sir Frank and Lady Brown, Sir Arthur Lever, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Borthwick, Lady Whitburgh, Miss Alice Astor, who came over on the

Aquitania and is staying with her mother, Lady Ribblesdale, Sir C. Morrison-Bell, Sir Joseph and Lady Hood, Lady Yule and Miss Yule, Violet Lady Greville, and Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Abel Smith, who have been visiting Mrs. Abel Smith's mother, Mrs. Norman Ross, at the Villa des Iles, her home for the season on the Croisette, formerly tenanted by Mr. W. J. Locke. Lady Greville, who is at present at the Manor House, Weston-on-the-Green, is coming out on February 22.

Photograph *E. Navello*

BEFORE THE MATCH

A "mixed foursome" snapped on the Cannes polo ground before the first trial match, Yellows v. Whites. The group shows: Senor A. Cousino (left), Miss Sheila Locke and the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Melville

An event of much local interest was the opening of the new and very handsome English tea-rooms facing the Casino at Cannes by Miss Perry and Miss King, who have been for many years in charge of the London House Tea Room in Nice. It was a tribute to the personal popularity of these ladies that a great number of well-known people came from all parts of the Riviera to be present on the opening day, and English visitors have now a very delightful rendezvous, which already looks like being too small for its guests.

The hotel world, and a good part of the tourist world also, has learned with interest of the advent of Mr. Joseph Aletti, who is now at the head of the Majestic Palace Hotel in Nice. He has a great following, having been long associated with the Parc-Majestic group at Vichy, and he was also at one time at the Negresco at Nice and the Imperial at Mentone. The galas at the Ruhl are having a huge success under the artistic direction of M. Paul Tissier, the one arranged for January 30 being designed to reproduce the Nice of twenty-three centuries ago. If by any chance there should happen to be any slight inaccuracies no one will be able to correct or challenge them, and a Nice audience on a gala night is, after all, very indulgent. The races made these evening affairs extremely gay, a sporting crowd filling all the principal restaurants each night.

Photograph *E. Navello*

ONE OF THE "WHITES"

Mr. G. V. Miskin (left) with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Creswick at the Cannes polo trial. Mr. Creswick played for the Whites, who lost to the Yellows by five goals to twelve

Sir Alfred and Lady Mond are staying at the Hermitage, while other visitors in the town include Lady Broadbent, Don Jaime de Bourbon, Captain Percy Seymour and Colonel and Mrs. Charles Needham. Mr. Matheson Lang has been making films in the district, while Sessue Hayakawa is so familiar to the Niçois that every time he is seen shopping in the town the traffic is held up by admirers who want to see him in a "close-up" in the flesh. Miss June Day, who is dancing here this season, has suddenly become the centre of a romance, an Italian prince wishing to marry her, and meeting with some stern parental opposition. Probably the charming *Américaine* will manage to overcome this difficulty in the near future.

Life is busy enough at Hyères, and the sporting event which will attract most attention will be the tennis tournament at the end of this month. Mrs. Satterthwaite is among the star turns, and has to defend her title for the Cup. If she wins it this year it becomes her own property, and some first-class play may be expected. The final of the Hyères Golf Club Challenge Cup was won by Sir Henry Drake-Brockman, who defeated Mr. H. M. Paull by 4 and 3. Members playing recently were Sir Colin Mackenzie, Major and Mrs. Ewart, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers Bartlett, Colonel Owen-Quirk, Major Isacke and Colonel Middleton. A fancy-dress ball at the Grand Casino collected a great many guests, and the prizes were good and plentiful. D. W. T.

Photograph *E. Navello*

A QUIET STROLL

Major-General Sir Charles Townshend and Lady Townshend sampling the Riviera sunshine. Sir Charles, in this photograph, is not looking as bright as the weather

Photograph *Keystone*

AMERICA TO THE FORE AT CANNES

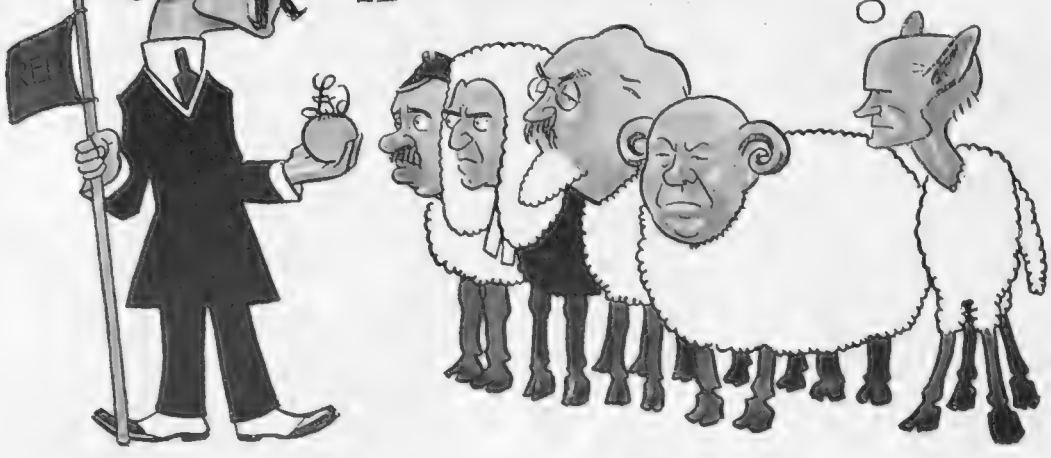
A group of visitors from "across the herring-pond" watching the polo which recently opened a new season on the Riviera. The seated group includes: Miss Marie Dursin, Miss May Sharpe, Miss Alice Brown, Mr. W T E. Brown, Miss Constance Thaw, and Miss Margaret Brown

NEXT WEEK!

SPECIAL
RIVIERA NUMBER

On the Carpet.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings



STUFFED SHEEP WANTED.

Heading by ALFRED LEETE.

THE following advertisement appeared the other day in the "personal" column of the *Times*:—

IF there are any museums, limited companies, or individuals having for DISPOSAL STUFFED SHEEP for window show purposes, kindly write, Box S.866, The Times, E.C.4.

Now I cannot definitely state that this advertisement was inserted by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, but the coincidence is, to say the least of it, somewhat remarkable. If there is one thing a prospective political Cabinet-maker needs, it is a plentiful supply of stuffed sheep for window-dressing purposes.

Not very long ago, Mr. Baldwin thought his window looked too full of stuffed sheep, and he tried to persuade Mr. McKenna to take a place in it, and so give it an aspect of intelligence. Mr. McKenna refused to be the caper sauce for the boiled mutton, and a few months later the bored British public cleared out Mr. Baldwin's window, and asked for something fresh. They are getting it.

I can sympathise with Mr. MacDonald in his search for the domesticated ruminant (*ovis aries*). There are many more wild goats than tame sheep in his following, and he knows he cannot keep office if he adopts a wild goat policy. No one need be deceived by the pious protestations that the task is not sought. Every member of the Labour Party has his jaws open, waiting for his leader to drop a fat salary into it. And Mr. MacDonald does not want £5,000 a year. Oh, no! Perish the thought!

Assuming, rightly or wrongly, that the advertisement quoted was issued on behalf of Mr. MacDonald, I will now make a few suggestions concerning certain stuffed sheep who to my knowledge are ready for disposal (so long as they get on the Front Bench), and are prepared to shoulder almost any responsibility provided the salary is sufficiently large.

The HALDANE, or Scotch White-faced, is a very fine old stuffed ruminant. He got most of his present contents from the Woolsack, which, as you know, is kept plump by champion merino rams. When Lord Roberts pleaded for compulsory service before the War, this determined sheep butted at him on all occasions, and pleaded for dear Germany, his "spiritual home." In fact, he is so very nearly a German stuffed sheep that I ought to call him a *schaf*. He will be most useful as an interpreter when the German comrades come over to tell him and his fellow-stuffed sheep what to do. When patted on the back this specimen will say distinctly either "Einstein" or "Hegel."

The SIDNEY-WEBB, or Seaham bearded, has his poll well covered with wool. He probably has wool in his ears also, which prevents him hearing the word patriotism, let alone understanding it. He would make a fine companion exhibit to the Haldane ram, and might be displayed with a pamphlet on the Poor Law in his mouth. Started his flocculent career by being a clerk in the War Office, then collected wool as a surveyor of taxes, next sat on wool at the Colonial Office, and in 1885 was called to the Bar to wear wool. Has been wool-gathering ever since in the fields of Education, Trade Unionism, and Liquor Licensing. Ready to nationalise everything and sit on the ruins. A little gone at the knees in a Fabian sense, but will look better in the window than a wild goat.

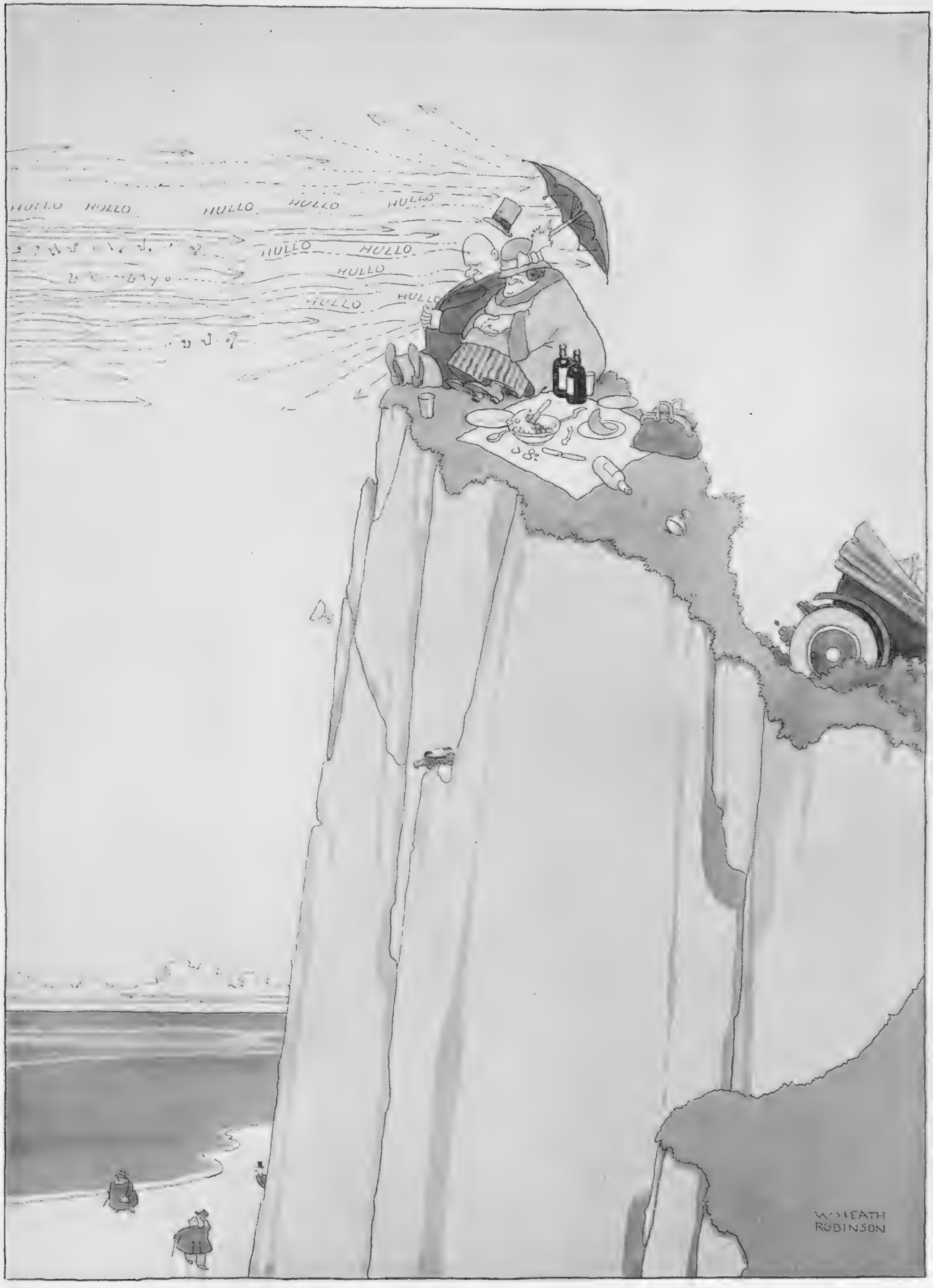
The P'SNOWDEN, a Yorkshire short-wool, is available only by a sheer stroke of luck. The anti-Socialist vote in Colne Valley exceeded the Socialist vote by six thousand, but was split, so enabling this pacific creature to offer himself for a job. He will stand still for hours for the sake of £2,000 a year or more, and if you like, you can label him "Chancellor of the Exchequer." He is quite willing to take a salary from a country which had to fight him as well as Germany during the War. When pressed between the shoulders this remarkable model ejaculates his pet motto, "Fleece, fleece, fleece!" And everywhere that Snowden goes, the fleece is sure to go.

The J. H. THOMAS, the Derby train-stopper, so called from his bad habit of wandering from the banks to the railway lines, has every right to a niche in your window, for he is already a Privy Councillor, a reward to him for keeping the railway Bolshies at their jobs during the War. Suffers slightly from melancholia, but the companionship of such blithe rams as the Sidney-Webb and the P'Snowden will keep his eyes dry. If you put him in the window, let him read extracts from his book, *When Labour Rules*, and you will hear murmurs concerning nationalisation, better hours and better everything, including a national theatre and opera!

The PT'HASTINGS, or Wallsend black sheep, might be exhibited as the greatest legal authority in the world of ruminants on forecasting the way the cat jumps, a reputation formerly held by Lord Birkenhead. Has convinced the simple Socialists of Wallsend that he is white because their eyes are usually choked with coal-dust. He may not belong strictly to the class of stuffed sheep you want, but he will come to heel all right as long as you give him the emoluments of Attorney-General. Tie a bell round his neck, or he may tie one round yours. Put a levy on his superfluous capital, nationalise the Bar, and, I believe, Mr. MacDonald, that you may turn Mr. Hastings into a Conservative. But you never can tell with a black sheep. Baa, baa!

(I wish, by the way, to point out that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hastings are no collaterals of mine. If they were I might deserve the threats of assassination I receive. As it is, I suffer so much from the associations of these patronymics that I have a certain fellow sympathy for their more notorious bearers.)

America Peaked



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The sort of thing that obstructs wireless communication between two great nations

MADEIRA (EN PASSANT)

By ARTHUR MILLS

RECOLLECTING Mr. Jorrocks' sentiments about "them stinking violets," I do not imagine he would have considered Madeira an ideal winter resort. For if the old M.F.H.'s soul was outraged by the sight of violets in April, what he would have thought of Madeira's January display of flowers I tremble to think.

A FLOWER-DECKED island remains one's first and abiding impression of Madeira. The flowers in their many colours are legion—purple and orange bignonia, yellow senecia, daisy trees, festoons of mauve wistaria, jacaranda, scarlet bougainvillæa; all these and more are in profusion; everywhere, too, palms, banyans and banana trees.

DAWN was just breaking as the R.M.S.P. *Andes* entered Funchal Harbour. She came to anchor with the dignity befitting a liner carrying Argentine millionaires in satin-wood lined cabins *de luxe* and their beautifully dressed, dark-eyed Spanish-American daughters. She nodded to a Union Castle boat, who only had Rand magnates on board, squinted down her nose at a little "Y" boat, as much as to say, "Shoo! What are you doing here?" and dropped her anchor.

CERTAINLY Madeira seen thus for the first time seemed very lovely. The town still lay in shadow, but above, the mountains were bathed in sunlight and brushed by foam-white cloud. In due course a launch took us ashore, passing over several brown bodies frantically searching for a sixpenny-piece which had been thrown in for them to dive for some two minutes before.

BY now the sun had crept down to the town, and the houses showed up in all their variegated hues of red and blue and yellow and green. Certainly the sun is presiding genius of Madeira. I cannot conceive Madeira without sun—warm and balmy but never aggressive, a sun that has a soothing and beneficial effect upon retired colonels—a sun that is company in itself, and makes one ask for nothing better than just to sit in it—a sun that (all right; I get you, Steve).

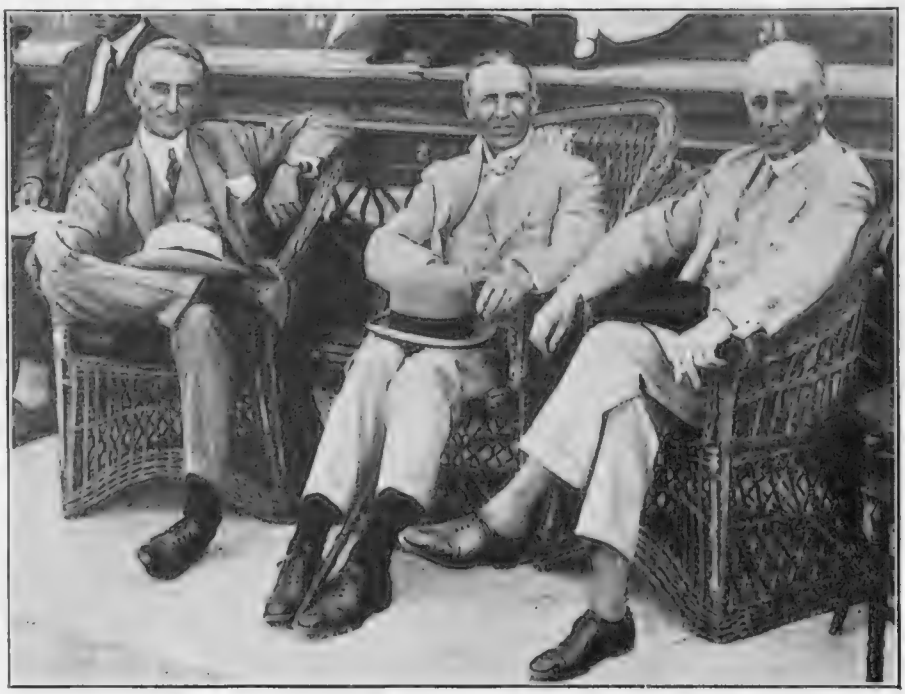
ARRIVED at the pier head we changed our money into escudos. Now the escudo is the Portuguese dollar, or ducat, whose nominal value is 4*s.* 5*d.* Therefore, when one obtains some 120 for the pound one begins to feel rich. And so one would be, but for one trifling circumstance; the escudo as a means of barter, except among the aborigines of the island, seems obsolete. For example, one walks into an hotel and orders a cocktail, for which one is prepared to pay a fair measure of escudos. "That'll be 1*s.* 6*d.*," says the barman, firmly, and Heaven knows how many escudos go to make up eighteenpence.

THE English are the mainstay of Madeira in the winter. How thankless of foreigners to revile our fog-ridden little island, considering that if our island was not fog-ridden their winter resorts would not be able to exist.

COMING to the question of amusements, a lady once said to me, "Madeira! Why, when you have climbed up the mountain and slid down it, you've done everything there is to do in the place."

THIS was hardly fair, for the young may bathe and play tennis and dance. Bathing from Reid's Hotel is quite an original affair; a lift transports the bathers from a lofty terrace to the limpid blue rocky pools below, and back again to the terrace for an *apéritif* and a little music when the swim is over. Then in the afternoon the energetic may play tennis, though in Madeira's balmy air it is very hard to feel energetic. However, coming to the main sport—sliding down the mountain. This is a real thrill. One sits in a little sort of chay on runners. A man holds the chay behind, two men clutch ropes on either side, and the descent begins. Slow at first, but gathering speed, one is whirled down towards the sea. Talk of Paris taxis! Talk of the Cresta run! Talk of engineless monoplanes, nose-dives and flat spins! If one of those ropes broke or the gentleman behind got pulled off his feet, there would be nothing to prevent the chay from going (*a*) into a ravine at the bottom of which a mountain torrent roars, (*b*) a brick wall, (*c*) a political meeting at a street corner. However, happily none of these things happens. None the less, arrived at the bottom, one is quite ready for the performance of one's last duty—to sample the wine of the country.

ONCE I nearly left Japan without drinking saki. Apprised of my predicament the attendant of the restaurant-car on the train quickly brought me a bottle. But for that man I might be in Kobe to this day. You do not drink saki out of a bottle in Japan. Nor ought you to drink the wine of the country by the bottle in Madeira. But they will bring it in a bottle, all the same, just as M. le Patron of a little French café will bring you a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. And as Madeira is one of the wines reserved for the cellars of the gods, it becomes a temptation, sitting on the sun-bathed terrace outside the Golden Gate, to linger on in this little island, where there are no worries, and forget all about a 15,000-ton liner hooting a warning that she is about to start southward for the River Plate.



Photograph ADMIRALS ALL *Topical*

Rear-Admiral Sir Rudolf Bentinck, in charge of the South Africa Naval Station, Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Field, of H.M.S. Hood, and Rear-Admiral Sir Hubert Brand, of H.M.S. Delhi, at the Boxing Day Sports in honour of the Special Service Squadron's visit, held at Green Point Track just outside Cape Town. A soccer match was also played at Hartleyvale, and a cricket match on the Western Province Grounds, Newlands, on the same day

The Modern Pirates of Panama

BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU

Although those old-established buccaneering firms of Morgan, Kidd, Blackbeard, etc., have long departed from the Spanish Main, the good old traditions of piracy are still upheld by modern coloured gentlemen of fortune from the Indies and the China seas. For them the banner of "Old Glory" has replaced the "Jolly Roger." Their prey?—The unsuspecting tourist merchantmen (and women) who spend a few hours in the crowded streets of Colon, the Atlantic port of the Panama zone

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

Produced December 17, 1923

EVERYBODY knows that Madame de Pompadour was the unofficial wife of Louis XV, and dainty romance clings more to ladies of that sort than to real Queens of merely homely virtues. These masterful ladies who, in spite of their open disrespect for the conventions, are recognised as having made history, are quite popular in musical plays just now. They supply that dash of devilment that is so appealing to the stay-at-home ladies, who can return to their suburbs with the satisfied feeling that they have positively gone the pace and are none the worse for it. Apart from that, in musical comedies character-drawing is necessarily very sketchy, so that the extent of the erratic heroine's lapses must be measured largely by the imagination of the spectators, and it is not for me to put a limit to more (or less) agreeable flights of fancy. Whether Madame de Pompadour was ever the light-hearted and even frivolous creature so deliciously presented by Miss Evelyn Laye is, perhaps, doubtful; but in any case, what historical truth may have sacrificed, the world of entertainment gains. Besides, if Madame did go out for the evening with a strange young man, it is very unlikely that the fact would be chronicled in the official archives. She would have seen to that all right.

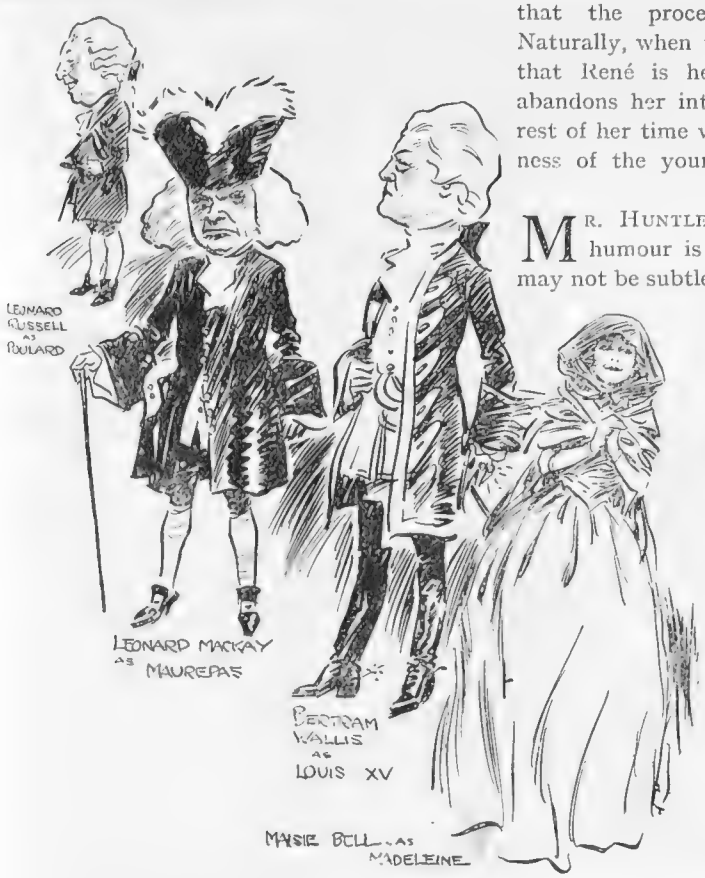
THE play goes with a swing from the moment the curtain rises. There is a jolly round dance by the company which is so exhilarating that it is most enthusiastically encored. It is one of those infectious kind of romps that make you want to jump up and take a hand in the game yourself. The scene is the "Tavern of the Nine Muses" in Paris, where Mr. Huntley Wright, as a tame poet named Calicot, is perched on a tub declaiming uncomplimentary verses on the subject of the morals of the complaisant Pompadour. The great lady's position naturally evoked a good deal of hostile criticism, especially from ladies who would gladly have changed places with her; and poets who were even suspected of playful but personal rhyming on the forbidden theme were usually rushed off to the Bastille to ponder at leisure upon their indiscretion.

ELSIE RANDOLPH AS MARIETTE
HUNTLY WRIGHT AS CALICOT

CALICOT enjoys a good deal of immunity until he unwittingly blurts out some of his personalities in the hearing of the Pompadour herself, who turns up one evening at the Tavern in search of adventure. During the King's absence she has stolen away from the palace at Versailles with the idea of enjoying an hour or two with the boys. It so happens that there has just arrived at the Tavern the young and handsome Count René (Mr. Derek Oldham) who is giving himself the luxury of a night out, in the trustful hope that the wife will never know. That was nearly two hundred years ago, and yet history still goes on repeating this sadly vain hope of man. The meeting of the Pompadour with René gives us a very charming duet, "By the Light of the Moon," sung by Miss Laye and Mr. Oldham. It seems to be quite a popular delusion that lovers are enamoured of the light of the moon. I am told, however, that it is when there is no moon that

EVELYN LAYE AND DEREK OLDHAM

exaggerated affection becomes most demonstrative, but, of course, here I can only repeat the merest hearsay.

THE Pompadour is followed to the Tavern by the zealous police, who display the chronic ineptitude that is usual in their profession on the stage. You would almost think that the average dramatic author had particular reasons of his own for wishing to speaking harshly of policemen. Maurepas, the Minister of Police (a very ripe performance by Mr. Leonard Mackay), ought in the ordinary course to have reported his discovery to the King (Mr. Bertram Wallis), but in accordance with the spirit of the time, he hopes to make a blackmailing job of it instead. The Pompadour, however, scores off her watchers very neatly. She is pleased to ignore the real object of their presence at the Tavern, and with

queenly dignity assumes that they have come to arrest some of the scurrilous poets who have been making unseemly verses about the King's favourite. If they have not come with a view to making an arrest, then it is time they had, and that's all there is to it.

THE Pompadour goes back to Versailles still enamoured of René. In fact, she even makes him an officer of the palace guards, so that he shall be on sentry-go outside her window all night, thus accounting quite satisfactorily for the presence of a strange man on the premises. It is not easy to think of the Pompadour taking a risk of this kind, but I suppose the author was guided by the old motto, Give a dog a bad name and hang him! About this time, René's neglected wife, the Countess Madeleine, calls for audience of the Pompadour, and is at once recognised as that lively lady's long-lost sister. Further, Madeleine, being dressed in a very homely fashion, the Pompadour insists that she shall at once change into something more in keeping with the glamour of a royal court. The transfer from one frock to another duly takes place before our eyes, though connoisseurs of the picturesque may feel a pang of regret that the proceeding is rushed so. Naturally, when the Pompadour learns that René is her brother-in-law she abandons her intrigue and spends the rest of her time working for the happiness of the young couple.

MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT'S style of humour is entirely his own. It may not be subtle; but it has the right quality for musical plays. At one point in the proceedings the Pompadour affects to be in love with Calicot. She walks on dressed in a surpassingly beautiful costume of oriental design, and declares that she represents no less a character than Potiphar's wife. But about the same time Calicot admits that his front name is Joseph, and we are thus reassured, feeling that we have the authority of exalted precedent to justify our hopes for the best. Mr. Wright is very ably seconded by Miss Elsie Randolph, who sings and dances with a rich joviality that is not the least of the multitudinous attractions of the play. She is supposed to be the maid of the Pompadour and is not therefore restricted by a sense of too much dignity or court etiquette from thoroughly enjoying herself, which she appears to do handsomely. Her joint effort with Mr. Wright in a song, "If I Were King," shows an agreeably humorous quality which is, however,

exhibited more delightfully still in a later duet, "Two Little Birds in a Tree," which is a most amusing and tuneful piece of nonsense.

MISS EVELYN LAYE'S success as the Pompadour is already a matter of theatrical history. She has even acquired the distinction of being burlesqued, which is, of course, a landmark in professional fame, just as the average politician reckons he is on the high road to Cabinet rank as soon as he has been caricatured in *Punch*. The story of the play is very lightly told, for the chief reason that there is so little to tell. It is the usual triangle from which virtue—or what passed for that commodity at the court of Louis the Well-beloved—emerges very little the worse for wear, and the lapses that the Pompadour contemplated, but did not commit, are freely forgiven. There is a quality of splendour about the whole production which should easily ensure for it even more than the usual "Daly's" success. I notice, by the way, an announcement on the programme that the music of the piece is published by Messrs. "Ascherberg, Hopwood, and Crew, Ltd." Surely "and Co." would have been more respectful. At least, so it seems to me. JINGLE

BEAUTY WELL ADORNED

One of the gorgeous settings from the film "Woman to Woman," adapted from the play of that name which was produced some time ago at the Globe Theatre. This film, which features Betty Compson, is one of those which will be shown during the British National Film Weeks

"Spinelli dances . . . . in a lovely silver lack of dress"

PARIS NIGHT LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

No. V.—RECTORS

As a man said to me the other night, while our taxi edged slowly, gear by protesting gear, towards the entrance doors, "This is not a night club, ol' man; it's a footer match." It was, almost. There was nothing epoch-making about the night in question. It was much like any other. But it took our party exactly nineteen minutes from the doors before we were seated at our table.

If you desire to see Rectors at all, you must begin to get busy about 7 or 8 p.m., although, of course, you don't arrive until after 11. It is advisable to have a friend, a Vicomte for choice; or you might take to yourself a name like Wannamaker, or say you are the President of the Bank of New York. Then either your friend, the Vicomte, telephones on your behalf, or the *chasseur* at the restaurant where you are dining, his pocket suitably lined, begins to be impressive on *his* telephone; and all is well. Otherwise you will never pass the armed guard of officials in evening dress in the doorway. It is true to say they are an armed guard. Their armour is a pair of alert, appraising eyes, and a staccato questioning: "Votre nom, M'sieur? Vous avez réservé . . .?" A quick glance at the list of reservations, as long as his arm. If the thing has been properly arranged for you, you get a table somewhere, anywhere—otherwise *rien à faire* . . . and the surging crowd behind pushes you ruthlessly aside.

Bear in mind you are not asking them to give *you* anything more than a seat upon which to sit while you choose the champagne at francs 110 per bottle. But we must not be unkind. It is a twinge of envy on my part that I am not Harry Pilcer (the late Gaby's partner), who runs the place. And, anyway, it is a great and marvellous sight, is Rectors, Paris, and no Englishman seeking a novel experience should miss it.

HARRY PILCER

As you sit, tightly wedged into your table, on the raised dais surrounding the dancing floor, impression after gasping impression sweeps over you. A great blaze of Chinese red and black decorations, and the white shoulders of a hundred women; and a band blaring in a recess rather like a huge fireplace, and in the midst of it a man with a beautiful tenor voice endeavouring vainly to make himself heard and appreciated. Under the slight haze of cigar smoke there sways and oscillates on the floor the gay, *débonair* crowd of Europe. The Europe that toils not nor spins—but pays, and goes on paying. Having wangled your way in you feel that certainly the rich uncle must have died to have enabled you to be one amongst all this mass of wealth and effusion of spending. And when you have dealt with the Acacia's cocktail you are certain of it.

The night is a screaming success. Nobody minds that it is utterly impossible to dance. In any case, you rush to the floor and stay there jolted and jolting, and then push back to your table, feeling you have been at least in the midst of things, in the fashion.

Most of the men are wearing white ties (unusual in Paris), and some even their medals on the lapels of their evening coats. It is really an event in your life if you have never been here before. There is probably more consolidated wealth in this room than anywhere else on the Continent. And beneath it all there continues to pulse the big drum of jazz—the pulse beat, indeed, of our whole *raison d'être*. "Bong. . . . Bong. . . . Bong . . ." it goes—that is all life means, surely? How can it mean aught else, looking round this ragtime raging place? There is nothing else; until—plonk!—all the lights go down suddenly, and Spinelli arrives. Then jazzing is forgotten—might never have been. For it is Spinelli, tripping in now, enveloping the whole jaded community, under the limes, with her beautiful body and those teeth, that mouth—*ravissante*,

merveilleuse. . . . One wonders what they pay her to come. The English girl next to you (she has to shout, as in the Tube) says: "It's not *really* Spinelli, is it? Good gracious—how perfectly marvellous."

In a lovely silver lack of dress this incomparable artiste does a little sketch at one of the tables, plumb in the midst of us all, with a professional dancer and a fat waiter, making fun of herself and deriding the promised Spinelli's appearance with inimitable grip and gesture. She makes our English cabaret shows appear feebly amateurish. Then she dances. And if you dropped a packet of a thousand franc notes on the floor while Spinelli was singing and dancing you would not bother to find them—until she had gone. You would be too intent, too utterly absorbed.

When Spinelli, tired but laughing gaily, leaves a dancing hall, something drastic has to be done by the management to prevent an anti-climax. They save the situation at Rectors in Paris very adroitly by a daringly simple contrivance, which is at the same time one of the sights of Europe at the present time and in the present stage of our dance delirium.

There hangs suspended from the ceiling on a long silk cord a very ordinary-looking crystal ball about the size of an Association football. Blipp! . . . out go all the lights again, and two searchlight beams, a mauve and apple-green, begin to play upon the now slowly revolving ball. The orchestra, huge organ-accordion, saxophones, cymbals and 'cellos, burst into a bacchanalian orgy of ragtime. Partial darkness prevails. But white stars from the crystal globe wander round the walls and ceilings, and beneath them sway the dancing public. Every wonderful gown in the room comes into sudden prominence as the wearer passes and repasses the beams which hit the crystal and are richochetted down upon her. Every lovely face is thrown for one fascinating moment into high relief—and is gone again. Every woman becomes for a fleeting second or two the *mannequin* of her own frock, shown at its very best. The mere watching man on the slightly-raised dais wants an hour or two of it properly to absorb this last word in lighting effects. But no. The management must have as their house motto, "The little more and how much it is—and the little less and what worlds away," for up go the mundane lights again and you, who were not agile enough, perhaps, to get to the dancing floor that time, are left with a great sense of emptiness, and an intolerable thirst—which was intended, and can be easily assuaged—at a price.

"RECTORS"

Once thoroughly immersed *chez* Rectors, you cannot bring yourself to imagine that outside this glitter and gyration there is any poor, any *souffrance*. The feeling is that *elle n'existe pas . . . mais si elle existe je m'en fou, quand même.*

I suppose it is the accordion-pleated organ that inspires this odd feeling—or the 100 franc champagne. Possibly both. But, anyway, you have seen Life here. And you can't see much of life in Paris for a twenty-franc note—nowadays.

NEXT "NIGHT LIGHT"

No. VI.

THE PATHOS OF MONTMARTRE

BY BERT THOMAS

ALSO RAN

FOLLOWING

Some impressions of a run in the Leicestershire

BY F. A. STEWART

THE FERNIE

untry—nearly all pasture, and very little woodland

The Long Rest

BY TONY CASTLE

A GAME THAT TWO CAN PLAY

"COMMENTS on CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

Most Dear Hon. Sir,

Please to stylishly print in superior types these philosophic adumbrations as follows, and which I shall now expel.

Philosophics are great inventions because they make us very stoic and adamantine when severe troubles arrive for other persons, so we may give good advisings and other non-expensive blessings. Likewisely they make us brave to support our own troubles exceptly the dam troubles which trouble us. "But why these bitter irons, Mr. Y. Hama?" you deplore. "Have you the livers or other sour disorders?" No, but I have suffer tooth pains and other affections of the molar regions very difficult to politely enjoy.

Also I have suffer the stoic advisings of Hon. friend who call to make visit. Aforesaidly met considerable shocks at my verbal inelegancies and profanes. "You should not moan for your so small anguishes, Yogo, but consider how very fearful must be the life of the hippyotemus, the elephant and other horned reptilians who are gift with proportional tooths. Are that not very sad to meditate?" he declam, progishly. "How for?" I requesh. "Why should expel weeps for these plethora who do not love man and perform his burden like asses and other dum faithfuls?" "O, yes, but how of the elephant with tooth pains 2 or 4 ft. long?" he repart. "How gay you should feel that you are not this beast and be thankful." I shot a glass cup to him but only scored a tie which make me to feel very waxish so that I hollow, "I shall not accept these bunkings in recumbent attitudes, I shall seek Hon. dental prof. to suffer extraction!"

"He make 1 swift muscular pull"

That was very brave resolving, but I was not so non-sporting to revoke and kept a bold upper face.

"This are very bad molar and should give you severe agonies," Hon. dental prof. inform. "Indeedly yes, it makes very competent agonies. Kindly to proceed with excavations of same at your polite conveniences," I rejoint in polished tongues. Hon. dental prof. dispose me in extracting chair with gearings and clutches like a moting car and I make 3 or 4 swift journies up and down in 2 or 3 directions. "That are very beautiful," he rejoize, "now we may extract and soonly you shall be entirely happy and gay." Then he push some tongs into my throat and pull with strenuous vigours. I should hollow "I did not desire my head to be extract, but only 1 molar," yet I am prevent because of the tongs. He pull with improved ambidexterity so that I feel the molar must root deep into my boots with pains all the way up. Then he make 1 swift muscular pull, I experience as if to be turning interior sides out and collapse into swoons. When I resume my consciences, Hon. dental prof. are very happy with smiles. "You have great good lucks to visit me, because I are non-pain extractor. Perhapsly you should have gone to a very mere tooth prof. and endured many sufferings," he cheer. "Indeedly yes," I recap politeishly, "I have greatly enjoyed this non-pain extraction which was so exquisite I did not muchly observe the non." This was intend for sardonics, but Hon. prof. smile his bows and accept 1£ 1s. without blushings. Yes, I are glad now I was not bred a hippyotemus or elephant with dentals of 3 or 6 ft.

But let us meditate on more cheerish thinkings. I have read that angling persons have start to hunt the spring salmons in his nautical lairs. I do not very much adore this tin delicacy, but

"Catch the impolite portion of my unmentionable garments"

rnce I made to angle him for good sportings. I did not snare 1 of these watery denizons, but I made to catch the impolite portion of my unmentionable garments on the pin which also penetrate to concealed latitudes very painful in the effects. In my frantics to dis-hook the aforesaidly, my equilibriums are unbalance and I project into the watery deeps with complete submergence. O no, I do not greatly esteem these angles and suchly piscatorial entertainings which make non-initiated person to indelicately catch his bifurcations with great blushings because they are very rude to mention. Likewisely it makes to embarrass when I must say "Kindly excuse me not to sit down because I should experience impolite pains in hypothetical environs."

But I shall visit the Wembleys to not alone bounce the infantiles, but to also eat the 400 new foods which I are inform the great chiefs are making to prepare. How voluptuous it shall be for hungered persons to contemplate these esteemed nutritions made with frankinscence and myrrhs and other rareish fruits. Yet how greatly sad if my appetites should dissolve at perhapsly the 395th or 399th portion. I must capitule on the last lap and miss 1 or 2 of these epicurial blessings.

"The 400 new foods"

"This may be all so good, Mr. Y. Hama," you expost, "but how of the current politicals? Man cannot survive only for good feastings." Ha, ha, I ejacule, do you observe some greens in my eye? O no, I wink very deucish and compress 1 digit to my nose like smart persons who can be dum. But perhapsly Hon. feathered sparrow has whisper very big exclusives to my ear which I must not depose, otherwisely the small mouse might leak out from the bag so everybody should be too wise. "But will Hon. Sir Asquith and Hon. Sir Baldwin permit Hon. Sir Ramsey to deflate Hon. Brtsh. constitutions?" you repose. That are very intrigueish interrogation, but I shall make to reply with much crafting.

Suppose Hon. Sir Asquith and Hon. Sir Baldwin should kiss to make friends and fuse their cohesions, should not Hon. Sir Ramsey be all over soup and very much in? O yes, now you shall begin to smell the small political mouse, which I shall not disclose any more else you should make too good guessings.

Howeverly, I do not suffer the winds so very high as before, because I observe Hon. Brtsh. citizens are very level and non-feverish, which are bad looks-out for hot persons with red heads. That are all I shall say for now, but a red are better than many winks to dum horses. Yes indeedly, I are very discreet person.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you enjoy best quality healths with not any pains, I remain,

Yogo Hama

"To bounce the infantiles"

But soonly we shall have great sportings at the Wembley Brtsh. Exhibition. All the babies and other infantiles grown under the Brtsh. flag will show for prizes which shall be award the most bouncing. I have often hear of these bouncing babes, but have not yetly observed 1 perform them. It must be very painful to make the decision, in case some of these rubber infantiles should crack or become otherwisely disrepaired.

How entertaining it shall be to watch these small bouncers precipitate up and down like game balls for who shall go most high! Yes, it should be very pleasant spectacular and I shall make some photographics of the best bouncings to cheer my reverend parentals in Japan.

perform physics and other muscular gesticulations to keep my fits good and be very lean, so I may not

"Do you observe some greens in my eye?"

Some of Our Readers Abroad

□

"The Bystander" brings the Light of Laughter to some dark spots in the Continent of

AFRICA

RIGHT AT THE TOP

"The Bystander" on the highest point of the Maluti Mountains, Basutoland

TWO BARBERTON DAISIES

Two "piccanins" in the Transvaal taking a serious view of politics

NURSING NO GRIEVANCE

A dusky "nonnie" finds a justifiable excuse for neglecting her charges at Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia

CIVILISING INFLUENCES

A pet sable antelope being taught the way it should go, at Dedza, Nyasaland

THE PIONEER'S "GUIDEBOOK"

Consulting an excellent book of words—and pictures—on the Zambesi

A GUARD OF HONOUR

The guard turns out to salute the arrival of the mail and the weekly "Bystander" in Southern Rhodesia

DRESSED IN HIS BEST

An "umfaan" in Basutoland very much in the mode with this season's "model" journal

AN EXCELLENT LIBRETTO

The Concordia Follies, successfully "booked" in the little mining town of Concordia, in Namaqualand

DRESSED TO KILL

A Tanganyika "ol-murani" in full marching order—including the subaltern's handbook

We hope to publish other pages of photographs from India and other places shortly, and are grateful for the generous response of our readers to these requests for pictures from out-of-the-way places

"We Are Seven"

Photograph *Sport and General*

OUTSIDE THE CLUB HOUSE

A group of Eridge followers at the Crowborough Beacon Golf Club, where a recent meet was held. Hounds doubtless teed up well for the draw in the rough!

Photograph *Alber*

DOWN FOLKESTONE WAY

Miss Lambart and Miss Browning at a meet of the East Kent on the Leas at Folkestone

Photograph *Sport and General*

IN TIERS—ON A HAPPY OCCASION

Huntsman and pack, some patient hunters waiting for their riders, and (on the top tier) the "gods"—those who came to watch and those who came to follow the Eridge Hounds at the meet outside the Crowborough Beacon Golf Club

of the Best Hunting Pictures

graph *Alfieri*

IN A MANNER BORN

Little Miss Moffat, a regular follower of the East Kent, at the recent Folkestone meet

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS TREAHARNE

Out with the East Kent at a meet after the Hunt Ball which was held at the Grand Hotel, Folkestone

Photograph *W. Dennis Moss*

AT THE V.W.H. (CIRENCESTER) HUNT BALL

A group at Bingham Hall, Cirencester. Back row: Mr. C. Tozer (left), Miss Kemble Captain Bubb; front row: Mr. E. Richardson, Mrs. Kemble and Miss B. Kemble

Photograph *Central News*

LADY MARY SCOTT

At the Longnewton meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's, where Prince Henry hunted. He was the guest of Lady Mary Scott's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch

All Things Considered

By HARTLEY CARRICK

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD would do well to remember the French adage: *C'est le Premier pas que coute.*

. . . . .

A SPRIGHTLY journal is seeking the opinions of its readers as to the most appropriate songs to be sung in the bath. Without the slightest hesitation we, for our part, plump unanimously for The Devout Loofah.

. . . . .

MR. ART O'BRIEN has petitioned to be released on parole from prison for a month. He claims to be a patriot, and we honestly believe that he has always been in favour of Art for Art's sake.

. . . . .

IT is reported that clothes will cost more this year. Many economical ladies are resolving to put less on their backs.

. . . . .

THE nuisance about twins is that, like troubles, they never come singly.

. . . .

WE read that Mr. Kipling is busy christening the various streets, etc., of the British Empire Exhibition. We trust he will not name the gas section "The Light That Failed."

. . . .

FELIX the Cat, is said to be the life and soul of the Manchester pantomime. But not the Felixir of life.

. . . .

A flapper not quite seventeen
Was asked out to lunch by a Dean;
With the Carlton their venue,
She took up the menu,
And said, "What about it, old Bean?"

. . . .

THE rush of ladies to the winter sales has disorganised some of our business establishments. We hear that at a certain boot store in the West End even the shoes were at sixes and sevens.

. . . .

A CENTENARIAN of Coventry, who has never shaved his beard, attributes his longevity to drinking beer. We agree that his is a stimulating beaverage.

. . . .

"WHAT'S become of Bill——?" asked a returned wanderer on the Clyde, not knowing that that individual is now an M.P.

"In the House," answered his friend.

"Ah," replied the other, "I always thought the lazy blighter would finish on the rates!"

. . . . .

THE skill of the Oxford skating team in Switzerland was greatly admired, especially by the ladies. One might go further and even declare that the team was praised to the skis.

. . . . .

A COMMERCIAL traveller at Leeds was tried last week on a charge of fraud. He was found guilty of sins of commission.

. . . . .

A LONDON *chef* has invented a dish which the experts declare rivals the celebrated *pêche Melba*. We suggest that he calls his masterpiece "Spring"—(the sweet o' the year).

. . . .

THE recent depreciation in exchange value is a serious evil. But it will be long before the nation finds a sovereign cure.

. . . .

A PROVINCIAL paper in Somerset innocently refers to the Lord Mayor's footmen as "the knee plush ultra of flunkeydom."

. . . . .

THE reduction of the income tax to fourpence in the pound is not Guernsey's only attraction, for it is equally renowned for its strong air and week-ends. Besides—

If I dared cross that durn sea,
And face the winds that blow,
I think I'd go to Guernsey,
And stay a week or so;
Not that that tiny splotch is
At all my favourite spot,
But for the fact that Scotch is
Just six-and-six per bott.!

. . . . .

IT is a melancholy reflection after five years of war that the only place where one can find Peace is in the Chamber of Horrors.

. . . . .

"WE ought all to be cheerful," wrote eight-year-old Pamela in her essay. "Even Jonah came up smiling."

. . . .

AN American paper states that the sales of books by English novelists exceed the home-grown variety. But how can a "dry" country expect to contain the world's best cellars.

. . . .

RECENTLY on the East Coast a lifeboatman, owing to illness, was compelled to resign his place, which was taken by a local dentist. That does not surprise us. Dentists are always ready to fill a gap.

. . . .

A HARLEY STREET physician has written to the Press complaining that nine out of every ten persons take no proper thought about their food. What says our Muse?

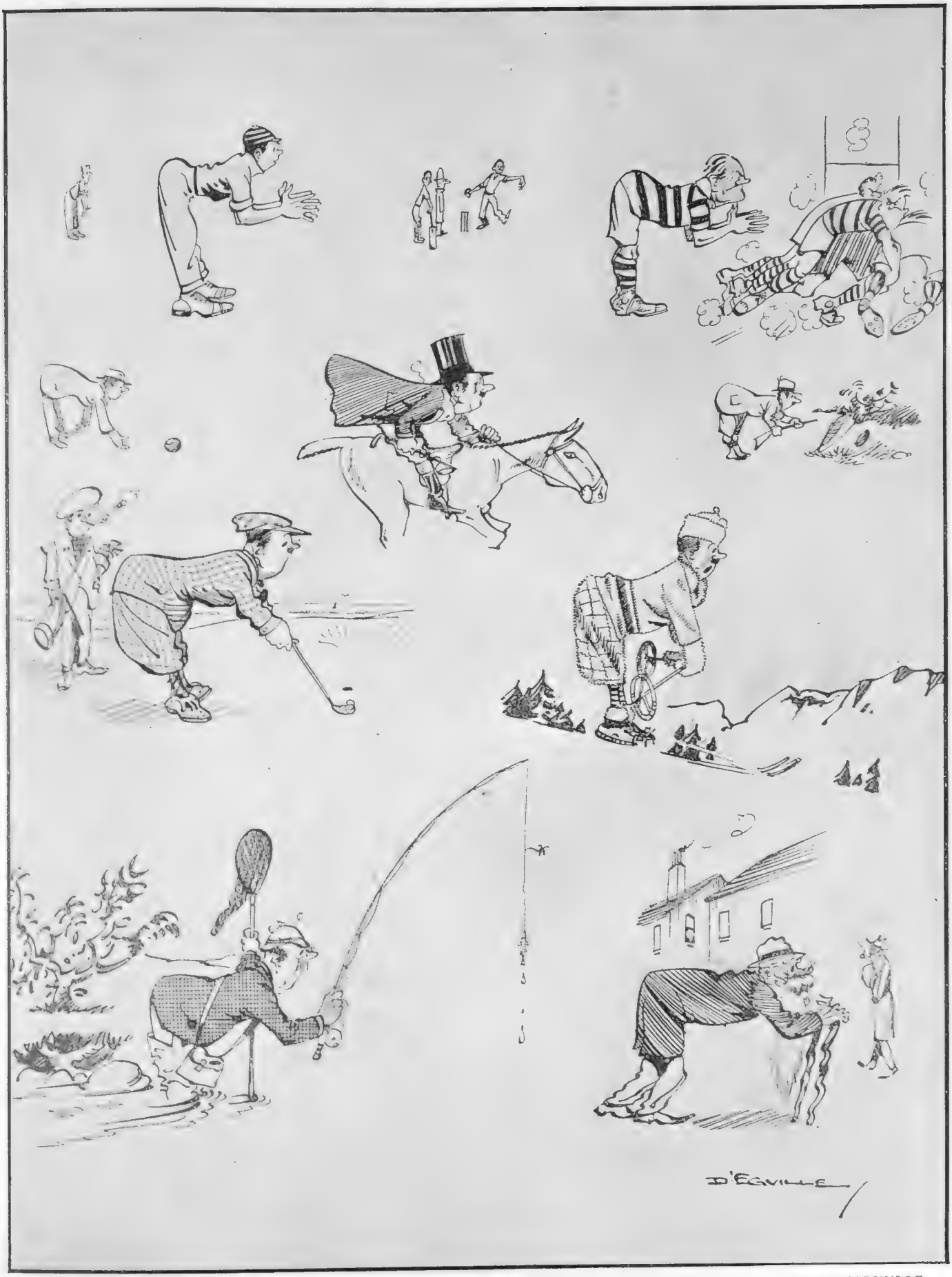
For all men eat the thing they love;
By all let this be heard;
Some like things with a bitter taste;
Some much prefer a bird;
The coward goes for bread and milk—
The brave man, lemon-curd!

By STAN TERRY

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

Mr. Jones (jibbing for the fifth time): "It's four o'clock and I've got to see Brown at ten past four"
Mrs. Jones: "You'll have to hurry then—no fooling about with anæsthetics"

"Non Angeli sed Angli"



BY D'EGVILLE

Our artist shows the influence of Sportsman's Curve on the figure of one enthusiast whom he has successfully caught bending at various ages

A Batch of Old Blues

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

The Old Blues, some of whom are here presented in caricature, are about the next-best Old Boy "Rugger" team after the Old Merchant Taylors, and are tackling an ambitious programme, which includes matches with some of the strongest London and provincial teams, with fair success. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be explained that they are Old Boys of Christ's Hospital, otherwise known as the Bluecoat School. Hence their name

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

By "PENDARVES"

CHICKEN-HEARTED lot, some of my Rugger friends.

"Don't be silly, ol' man: only train to Swansea 8.45 ack emma; don't get back to Town until 9.35 pip emma—absurd. 'Sides, probably get crushed to death in Welsh panic if we win—no something fear, not me. . . ."

Remember that Drake dragged himself away from game of snooker at roll of drums on similar occasion, and feel I ought to go. Struggle up at piercing alarum clock. Pitch dark; might be middle of night; believe it is. About-to-give-notice expression on face of domestic at breakfast. Sally forth: slight drizzle: no cabs to Paddington. Paddle on towards Underground: encouraged by thought that my Rugby School ancestors are probably slapping stone sides of family vault in dignified approbation. Must support old England. But hope to goodness there's a cheap day ticket to Swansea.

All seats in luncheon car "booked" long ago. Why? Never mind, will eat on arrival Swansea. Meanwhile make up arrears of sleep. Members of London Welsh F.C. singing Welsh hymns next carriage. Wish I could do something about them, but what is one among so many? Doze. Dream Wakers scores three tries in first five minutes, ably seconded by me. I tackle hefty Welshman in sleep—fall underneath him—crash! Train pulls up with jerk at Newport. . . . Realise for first time horrible danger of mob rule. My carriage stormed. Head of storming party four gamblers. Prop, Cop, Misery and Solo. Spread cards and rug over their knees, and half over me.

Misery sits partly on top of me smoking Welsh cigar. Begin to feel bit homesick. Arrive Cardiff. Realise a little of what Russians must have suffered under the Reds. Another storming party raids train. A fruity little scrap going on in corridor between a Newport and Cardiff man. My view blocked by bulk of Misery; begin to hate him.

Train very late, shall probably miss match. Heartened by hearing we have three of the Welsh forwards on board. . . Clamber on to tram with 300 others. Conductor can't get at me for fare; that's something anyway . . . Ground already full. Can't see much. Intermingle myself amongst some stunted Welshmen and crane over their heads. Better. But am standing in three feet of mud.

Great handicap, and rather dangerous, not being able speak Welsh. Only word I know is "whateffer." Can't keep on saying that—may refuse serve me at the bar afterwards—try indignant Malay on huge florid gentleman who has wedged in and is standing on my foot. Diminutive man other side of me gives vent to cautionary whisper that big man is Ivor Evans, the butcher from Llanbloodchllyn, and that he's "had a couple." Decide to let him stay there. . . Member of hostile crowd round me asks why England play in white? Reply that it is to typify their blameless lives. His neighbour demands angrily whether I am implying that red jerseys of Wales signify the opposite? Butcher mutters "'ear-hic-'ear," and glares down at me. Hastily assuage rising storm and wish I was nearer big policeman in front row. Wonder miserably why policemen always have front row? . . . Wakefield kicks off against wind and sun. Feel utterly friendless and alone. Tom Jones opens scoring for Wales. Rather wish I hadn't come. Butcher pounds me on the back in ecstasy of admiration. Hope he'll have a stroke before half time. Couple of thousand people behind me shouting, "Sit down in front." Wonder what will happen if we don't? Nothing to sit on. Butcher now kneeling on my pew. . . . Glance back, notice delicate iron fence, separating me from half Welsh population, about to burst inwards. Decide when moment comes that butcher shall take shock of impact. Myers scores for us. Want to cheer but think better not, being married man with family. Jacob scores for us. Forget wife and children and wave cap. Never see cap again. No matter, score, England 11, Wales 3. Half-time. Can only die once. Good cause anyway.

Catcheside scores. Think we have got them cold now—but don't say so. Butcher becoming very quiet—ominously so. Fence behind now almost down. Men crowding through. In *mêlée* avoid butcher and move inwards. Find man wearing Harlequin tie and feel happier. Voyce injured, taken off field. We both say "damshame"—and live. Crowd quelled at sense of coming defeat. Johnson scores twice for Wales. Anybody's game. Don't like look of things. Ten minutes to go. Catcheside scores again. No question about it now. We've beaten them; first time since 1895 on this ground! Suggest to Harlequin next me that we curse man who is hitting Wakers in the scrum. Says he'd love to but has got his girl with him, and doesn't want a rough house. I curse him out loud, but find Welsh crowd round me dispersing. They've seen enough. So have I. Seen England win. Move in serried mass towards station, mile and a half away. No food. No chance getting any. No chance getting into London train. Never mind. England won—*and I was there!*

Photograph FULL STEAM AHEAD! [G.P.U.

H. P. Jacob, the Oxford wing three-quarter, making one of his many fine runs for England in the International Rugby Match between England and Wales at Swansea, where England won by 17 points to 9. Jacob scored England's second try

TOUJOURS LA POLITIQUE

By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Politics at Breakfast"

LONDON, *January* '28

DEAR COUSIN—

SOMEHOW don't seem to be able to get very far away from politics this partic'lar moment here in London now—or anywhere else all over this tight (in a strictly Pickwickian sense, of course) little island of ours, for that matter.

POLITICS for breakfast, politics for lunch, even in the secluded fastnesses of Ciro's or the Cecil, politics for tea, 'tween foxtrots at the Queen's Hall Roof or Cri or Empress Rooms. Same dish served up at dinner with the *sole delice* and the *ris de veau Leopold* at staid Claridge's or the cosmopolitan Savoy, repeated in *entr'actes* at the theatre, or Covent Garden, and finally pursuing us to the very verge of that seductive circular dancing floor at the Lambs. Or at the cosy little purple-ceilinged Mayfair Club, that they've just started down Bruton Street way under 'stinguished auspices *and* I'm glad to say, nearly all ex-service-men running it.

EVERYBODY and everything, as Montaigne'd have put it, is in a kind of "*Que sçais-je?*" mood or frame of mind. 'Cluding, methinks, our new rulers 'emselves. Some of whom, I gather, are simply terribly exercised in mind 'bout such matters as whether they ought always to wear top hats night and day to mark their official rank, etcet. While wives thereof, spite of mutual training in a special club of their own called the Half-Circle or something, haven't yet *quite* attained to the due and meet social experience and *aplomb* that's expected of "political hostesses."

ODD things politics, you know. Which no one ever seems prop'ly to understand 'cept the people who are act'lly running 'em—and *then* one isn't always abs'lutely quite sure. Sort of game they are, really, meseems. . . . Only they've altered the rules so much lately, apparently, that you don't somehow know where you are, so to speak, as you used to in the good old days. When there were just 'Servatives and Liberals, and if one wasn't in power it was the other. . .

BUT now there don't seem to be any rules any more at all, do there? Fancy a P.M., f'rinstance, who's never held any sort of office before—not even the tiniest of Under-Secships. Never been known before, I b'lieve, in the whole of England's born days. Though, mind you, cousin, I don't say that's *got* to be a bad thing, and 'm not, as you know, even for one single moment going to be up against anything just 'cos it *is* new.

LIKE, *par exemple*, the people—and there are still quite a lot of 'em—who haven't got used to Epstein yet

"Whether they ought to wear top hats"

(tho' who wants to get *used* to anything big?) and come back from his show at the Leicester Galleries with long, melancholy faces, telling us that he's grotesque and decadent and all the rest of it. And can't see the largeness and life and fine vitality that positively bubbles through his anything but photographic art.

TAKE his wonderful "Weeping Woman," for instance, or that marvellous satyr head of "Old Pinager," and the "Dolores" studies of the famous model, and the immensely alive "Miriam," and those fascinatingly chubby child studies of little Peggy-Jean—not to mention the one of the picturesquely handsome Mr. Cunninghame Graham, rather like a modern Don Quixote. . . And just to show he *can* do it, a colossal great carving in the typical smooth and polished marble that the Italians love (or loved—I s'pose they have no sculptors now) of just two arms, with a woman's hand resting in a man's.

COURSE he isn't, p'raps, altogether flattering to women, Epstein isn't—"a collection of studies of semi-Asiatic sluts," one critic call his women, and, after all, there's hardly anything *but* them in the show. Not a touch of the pretty-pretty Cadogan Cowper style 'bout any single one of 'em, and I do so hope the Duchess of Marlborough will be pleased with hers, the new one, I mean. Not called her, it isn't, just a "Study," but everyone's been told by now (in strict confidence) who it really is. What you'd call rather a *striking* face, as Epstein's pictured her—long, thin nose and very heavy-lidded eyes, and, 'nfact, anything but what they used once to call, I b'lieve, a "picture postcard" beauty.

RATHER a contrast, by the way—talking of pics.—the Epstein show and the Portrait Painters' one that opened the same time at Burlington House. Quite an Academy touch about *that*, though much better really, 'cos there's only six rooms of it 'stead of about a dozen. Some good Orpens, one rather fine Sargent of a grey-haired lady in black frock, a Munnings of "F. E." that's nearly all horse, and very little of the young-looking ex-Lord Chancellor, a too blonde Shannon of Lady Patricia, some striking Flora Lions, a disappointing

Jagger of a small boy, some excellent Lavery portraits of Archdeacons and people, and the usual crop of Frank Salisbury mayors, and so on. . . . *Voilà tout*, or most of the cream of it. Am *so* glad I went to the Epsteins *after*, and not before.

NOT that I mean I didn't enjoy the Royal Acad. Show, far from it, 'cos it takes all sorts to make a world, as they say, but it does make such a lot of diff. if you arrange your pleasures and experiences more or less in their proper order—what they call in politics " procedure "—what ? I mean, more or less generally agreed, isn't it, 'cept among the very brightest of undergrads at Oxon. or Cambs., where it's the fash., I'm told, for the really bold-and-bad every now and then to start off in Hall with the ice and finish up with the soup (aren't they *sweet?*). . . . 'Part from them, it *has* got to be rather the custom to blend your lunch or dinner dishes along in a certain sequence, as you might say, with no *too* great shocks occurring. So why not same idea in all the other, some of 'em quite at least equally exciting, affairs of life ?

LIFE is 'citing, too, some ways, these days. Met one of its thrills face to face only the other night, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, of all places. Where with almost incredible rashness they've put on a War play. Not a mere play that just alludes to the War, but all about the War. And, even more incredibly, has scored and looks like going on registering (as they say on the films) a positively *grand succès*. Don't think anyone *could* go to *Havoc* without at least remembering that there still is, and will go on being, a place called St. Dunstan's. . . .

AND very next night—talking about taking things in order—went once more to *Lilac Time* at the Lyric. Where Schubert still sounds as d'lightfully tuneful as ever, as interpreted by Courtice Pounds, Percy Heming and Co., and no signs of the lilac 'ginning to droop yet, spite of its just having had a birthday. Which, by the way, was suitably celebrated at " Oddy's " the other night by one of the cheerfullest parties yet, when La Veuve flowed free and we danced to other than Schubertian strains till quite a nice early (morning) hour. . . .

"Finishing up with breakfast after a dance"

AM rather a b'liever meself, you know, in the system or princ. of finishing up with a breakfast after a dance. Not *quite* the ord'nary kind of brek., of course, but, still, with something bacon-and-eggish as foundation, and, if it can possibly be discovered, tea, though gen'lly you have to put up with something rather 'centric, like champagne or (as at hunt balls) just plain beer.

MOST important things meals are, these days, if you want really to keep yourself up, as they say, and so, it's fondly hoped, escape the prevailing and devastating epidemic of flu. Touch wood !

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"At the Cecil"

Our £500

Most Popular Actor Election.

We hope to be able to announce the result of our Most Popular Actor Competition in the next issue of THE BYSTANDER.

SPORT OF THE WEEK
AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA

Photograph *Sport and General*

G. S. B. MACK

The Irish Badminton player who won the Scottish Open Championship at Glasgow, and also the Championship Doubles with Capt. R. A. J. Goff. H. S. Uber, whom he beat in the final, had previously beaten Sir George Thomas, the All-England Champion

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE AMERICAN HOCKEY TEAM

Who began a tour in this country last Saturday with a match at Merton against the English team which toured successfully in America in 1921. Left to right (back row): Miss M. Weiner, Miss C. Cheston, Miss K. McLean, Miss B. Cadbury, Miss M. Marcy, Miss V. Carpenter, Miss M. Adams, Miss H. Jacob, Miss M. Taylor. Seated: Miss M. Morgan, Miss H. Ferguson, Miss M. Ferguson, Miss A. Townsend (Capt.), Miss S. Goodman and Mrs. H. Krumbhaar

Photograph *J. R. Bainbridge*

ULSTER TO THE FORE

The Ulster hockey team who beat Leinster in their Inter-Provincial match at Belfast by 4 goals to nil. Left to right (back row): *E. M. Dillon, *R. S. Malcolmson, H. Curry, *J. Harvey, G. E. Bolton, W. M. Dick. Front row: *J. Coburn, J. Hannen, *G. G. MacGregor, *R. A. Rushbridge, *N. Coburn (capt). As those marked with an asterisk are Internationals the result was not unexpected

Photograph *Topical*

MME. A. JOLY

The French figure-skating champion, practising on the rink at Chamonix for the Olympic Winter Sports contests, which began there last week

Photograph *Topical*

STARTING PRACTICE

The American speed-skating team at Chamonix with their trainer, tuning themselves up for the Winter Sports Section of the Olympic Games

C. E. DAVIS

The Cambridge (past) Athletic Blue, who is sailing shortly for South Africa but hopes nevertheless to be home again in time for the Olympic Games in Paris

Photograph *Topical*

TOO LATE!

An incident in the great "Rugger" match, in which England beat Wales at Swansea for the first time (on the Swansea Ground) since 1895. A Welshman makes a grab at an Englishman who in the nick of time has parted with the ball

Photographs

M. BRUNET

The figure-skating champion of France at Chamonix, equally keen with his compatriot in the adjacent picture on winning renown for "La Patrie" in the Olympic Games

Topical

CAN YOU BEAT IT FOR A JOY-RIDE?

A fleet of toboggans starting off on the mile run at Park Side, near Montreal, one of the most famous "slides" in the Dominion of Canada. It will be observed that here the run is perfectly straight, and that each toboggan has a track to itself, a wholly different proposition from the runs of Switzerland

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Shall We See Zev?

MR. HARRY P. SINCLAIR, the owner of Zev and Grey Lag, arrived in France last week. When his ship called at Plymouth he was duly interviewed on the subject of his horses. His replies were strictly non-committal, and left us pretty much as we were before. All the American oil magnate would say was that his plans depended upon how the horses "developed during training." He meant, I assume, that it all depends upon the soundness of the animals in question. Mr. Sinclair added that if Zev and Grey Lag do come to England they will have at least sixty days here in which to become acclimatised. The Ascot meeting takes place in the middle of June, so the American cracks will have to be shipped early in April. This will not give their trainer very much time in which to find out whether or not they are really sound. Grey Lag may come, but I am still doubtful whether the more famous Zev will be sent on this enterprise.

Epinard's Weight

MEANWHILE, what do you think of Epinard's chance of winning the Lincoln? Nobody is really surprised that the handicapper has given him 10 st. All the same, it is an unusual weight, and I question whether the brilliant French colt will be called upon to make the mighty effort it involves. When all is said, the Lincolnshire is not a particularly important affair, and the bookmakers are not likely to offer any tempting prices about Epinard so long as they think there is a reasonable chance of his appearance on the Carholme. Thus there are no great inducements for M. Wertheimer to take the risk of ruining Epinard's future by training him so early in the year. A much more likely mark for the colt is the City and Surburban at Epsom.

Jarvie's Chance

IN spite of Mr. Rowland Leigh's determination not to let Epinard in too cheaply, the colt's presence in the entry has done much to spoil the handicap at Lincoln. It has been necessary to place more than one half of the entry at 6st. 13 lb. or less. One of the most flatteringly treated animals is Jarvie, who has a pull of no less than 21 lb. with Epinard for the margin which divided them at Goodwood. Harry Batho has pleasant memories of the Lincoln he captured with Long Set, and I dare say he now regards himself as possessing a good chance of repeating that success with Jarvie, who is likely to be well suited by the Lincoln mile.

The National

I EXPECTED to see Shaun Spadah and Music Hall on equal terms at the head of the Grand National weights, but Mr. Topham's idea is that the latter is 2 lb. the better horse. His opinion is probably correct, but I regard Shaun Spadah as possessing the better chance at the weights. It is against him, of course, that he is now an "old man," yet in his races this winter Shaun Spadah has shown that he wears remarkably well, and I am fully prepared to see him put up another big effort at Aintree. There is still a doubt as to whether Music Hall is sound enough to be trained for the race. Sergeant Murphy is fourteen years old, and probably Mr. Topham had this in mind when he put him up only 7 lb. for his success last year. But the veteran is still fresh and well, and nobody will be surprised to see him "get round" again. Among the younger division, Silvo is undoubtedly the most promising. He has, however, plenty of weight, and many will question his ability to concede 16 lb. to Conjuror II, who gets in with the same weight as last year. If the services of a first-class jockey are secured for the last-mentioned horse, I think he will settle down into clear favouritism.

At Sandown

ALTHOUGH it naturally caused a good deal of inconvenience, the railway strike did not interrupt the progress of racing last week, and there seems to be no real danger for the fixtures immediately ahead. Weather permitting, we ought to have an excellent meeting at the week-end at Sandown Park, where the jumping is almost invariably first-class. The Stanley Cup on Friday may be won by **Winnall** and the Prince Albert Hurdle Race by **High Force.** For the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase on the second day, **Eureka II** is my selection.

Photograph *Topical*

WITH THE BICESTER AT ODDINGTON

Lord Chesham, the Master, talking to Miss Annesley and Colonel Trotter. Owing to the foot-and-mouth "terror," the Bicester has had to restrict its hunting to regular subscribers and farmers of the country and adjoining hunts. Some good runs have been registered in the Bicester country lately, including one which the Prince of Wales enjoyed

By "THE TOUT"

MR. E. S. TATTERSALL

One of the patrons of the all-conquering "Poole" stable. The subject of our sketch owns several useful jumpers, including that wonderful plodder, Ned Carver

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

New M.F.H.'s

WARWICKSHIRE hunting folk are to be congratulated upon having prevailed upon Mr. Walter Buckmaster to accept the Mastership of the county pack in conjunction with the Hon. E. Portman. They will make a strong combination, and there should be many pleasant seasons in store for the

Photograph *Ball*

ALL-WEATHER BODIES

Major and Mrs. Steele arrive in their car at a snowy meet of the Woodland Pytchley at Deene Thorpe

followers of the pack. Mr. Buckmaster has long been regarded as an excellent man for the job. A superb horseman, he knows every inch of the country, as well as everybody in it. He is, moreover, a most popular personality, and will wield an authority in the field which is not likely to be lightly regarded by even the most irresponsible riders. For business and other reasons he has hitherto fought shy of taking hunting office, though on many occasions in recent seasons he has served as Field Master. Mr. Portman shares his enthusiasm, and can be counted on to maintain the fine foxhunting traditions of his family. The new joint Masters have been guaranteed a subscription of £5,000 per annum, and will hunt four days a week with a professional huntsman. Possibly one of the Masters will himself handle the pack on additional days.

The Polo Tests

I HOPE the fact that he is taking over these hounds will not mean that we shall see less than usual of Mr. Buckmaster at the polo clubs in the coming season. His unrivalled knowledge and experience will be of invaluable assistance to the Selection Committee in their difficult task of building up a new team to meet America in the early autumn. How that team will eventually be composed is still uncertain. The provisional formation of Majors Kirkwood, Phipps Hornby, and Hurndall, and Lord Cholmondeley may be disturbed as a result of the series of test matches which are to be contested at the three London clubs. Meanwhile the polo season at Cannes has opened successfully, and is likely to achieve a record success. The uncertainty of hunting owing to cattle disease regulations, has caused a number of players to leave the Shires for the Côte d'Azur.

Brighter Outlook

FORTUNATELY, hunting prospects are decidedly brighter at the moment of writing than they were a week or two ago. The daily bulletin of foot-and-mouth outbreaks has become much less lugubrious. Comparatively few cases were notified last week, and there is now good reason to hope that the early days of February will see a resumption of sport in most of the countries where the closure is now applied. Thus a season which has been so ruthlessly cut up for followers of the Quorn, Warwickshire, Fernie and dozens of other packs may yet end in a blaze of glory. One or two hunt race fixtures, notably the Croome and the Ledbury, have been abandoned owing to the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease, but for the most part the point-to-point meetings are to be held as usual. The M.F.H. Association has very properly relaxed its regulations where there has been practically no hunting.

Gaps to Be Filled

ALTHOUGH the future command of the Warwickshire and Atherstone countries has been settled, there remain a number of vacancies yet to be filled. The North Cotswold people are looking for a successor to Mr. C. B. Kidd, and their neighbours, the Cotswold, are losing the services of Major L. A. Jackson. No official announcement has yet been made as to the future of the Belvoir country, which received Major T. Bouch's resignation some time ago, while a gap is caused in the Worcestershire country by the impending retirement of Mr. Arthur Jones and Major Wiggin. No doubt these and other vacancies will be filled before the close of the season, for the job of Mastership, although calling for many special qualifications, still exercises considerable attraction for the right men.

A. W. C.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

THE VISCOUNTESS CARLTON

At a meet of the Wentworth, one of her father's (Lord Fitzwilliam's) packs. Lady Carlton is the wife of the Earl of Wharncliffe's eldest son

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

MISS E. PETRE

A keen lady rider to hounds with the Garth

The voice of the charmer

DOGGY NEWS OF THE DAY

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

THE Alsatian, Sheep, and Army Dog Society (Police Section) holds its first trials to-day; and next Wednesday, at Sandown Park, the Alsatian Wolfdog Club's Field Trials will take place. To-day also: Pekingese at Manchester, and Terriers at Southsea. To-day fortnight: Cruft's great annual *tamasha*, for everyone who's anyone in Dogdom.

High jinks at our place. My governor's daughter is back from the Riviera for a week or two, as keen as can be on certain identification stunts, which have made a regular museum of my Kennel harness-room — really, extremely interesting.

Photographs, nose-prints, and phonograph records, for every last one of our own family; 15 Hounds, counting the whelps, and 8 other Dogs; not to mention quite a gallery of our neighbours' best Dogs. It's a fascinating collection.

The drawback about the nose-print stuff (from Paris) is that it's so tasty that I'd the greatest difficulty in preventing the Dogs licking it off before I could get imprints. But we managed it eventually; every print carefully photographed, and no two precisely alike. It's a perfectly sound method of identification. There's no end of character in nostrils, and, under the magnifying glass, they look like shell-pitted ground after a strafe.

But it is the voice records that get me most. They really have taught me a lot. It's an astounding thing, but, though there must be millions of Dogs in the world, I firmly believe each blessed one among 'em has a voice distinctly different from all the rest. I can answer for it that every grown member of a litter has its own quite distinct voice. Fancy that going on for thousands of generations—the different permutations and commutations!

Canine character has always fascinated me. From now on, count me a student of it, as shown in Dogs' voices; especially Hounds' voices. Extraordinarily expressive and illuminating; and more trustworthy as indications than our own voices, because so much less affected by self-consciousness and other influences; more spontaneous.

Deep, loud, mellow, deliberate, and far-carrying; those are the vocal qualities to welcome, as being associated with the best sort of canine character, I think. Some of our neighbours have Poms; and theirs are the least agreeable canine voices we've recorded. The Pekingese are all right, and, despite the essential differences, have quite a bit in common with the Bloodhounds. As indications of temper, the voice differences are wonderfully interesting. Mistrust the high-voiced, staccato singer, and look for something like spitefulness in the fellow whose remarks—bitten off snappily—all end on a raised note. Note the marked differences between male and female voices. The better the male, the more markedly masculine his voice. Warm-heartedness and courage, suspiciousness and timidity, sullenness and candour—you can study them all in Dogs' voices.

I think next month's *Kennel Gazette* will be found to show that the pedigree Dogs bred and registered in this country during 1923 were more numerous than in any previous year—well over 40,000. It's true that a few of the breeds, notably certain of the biggest varieties, have not yet been able to recover their pre-War numbers, and the pessimists consider some among them never will. But there are others in which the aristocratic populace has caught up and passed its 1914 high-water mark; and there are a few in which fashion has greatly multiplied pre-War totals. It's important to note that registration, the compulsory preliminary to exhibiting, is not dependent upon showing, but increases steadily, irrespective of the numbers shown. This is as it should be. Your pedigree Dog is worth registering, whether or not destined for the bench

The argument of certain doggy authorities to the effect that among the larger breeds of Dogs we must never expect to equal pre-War figures is not borne out by the facts. It is claimed that the higher costs of foodstuffs and labour, combined with a general disinclination to "take trouble," will prevent the bigger varieties regaining their old standing; the case of Mastiffs and St. Bernards is specially cited.

But, in fact, other considerations are at work here. Consider the cases of two of the largest varieties—big feeders both, whose successful development calls for lots of accommodation, exercise, grooming and the like—Bloodhounds and Irish Wolfhounds. In the years preceding the War, their average annual registrations were: Bloodhounds, 102, and Irish Wolfhounds, 48. In 1922 the Bloodhounds were only three short of pre-War level, and the Wolfhounds were ten ahead of theirs. For 1923, it will be found that the figures are better still.

Labradors and Irish Red Setters (hearty feeders, by no means on the small side of the middling size varieties) averaged, respectively, 288 and 121 before the War. In 1922, they were 918 and 392 respectively; and the figures were higher yet in '23.

No, I don't think it's a question of feed, or "taking trouble"; but a point I do note is that the public inclines toward activity, keenness, and a sporting spirit in its Dog friends, and is less than formerly appealed to by statuesque bulk and dignity, if these are at all associated with a phlegmatic bent.

Some Pictures of Health—And a Jolly Holiday

Photograph *Alfieri*

BROTHER AND SISTER

Amalia and Sprintett Demetriadi, on the Suvretta slopes at St. Moritz. In due course they will doubtless be told to "run along now and brush your hair before dinner"—meanwhile they are deliciously insouciant

Photograph *Central Press*

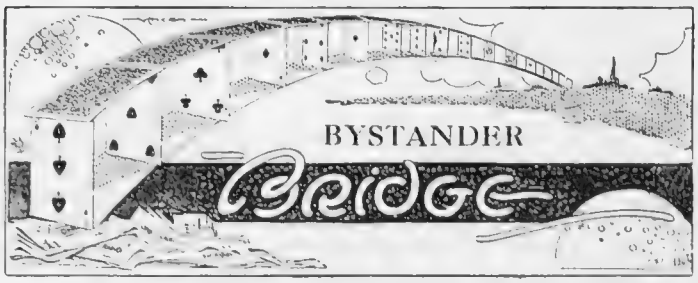
AN EARLY START

Daphne Bird (left) and Patricia Raeburn, who between them have seen nine winters, say that never in all their lives have they experienced such a delightful one as this at Mürren

Photograph *Central Press*

THIS IS A MAN'S JOB!

Master Peter Lunn, a grizzled veteran of nine years, giving a lesson to two little friends who are, we trust, as deeply impressed with his masculine prowess as we ourselves. The little instructor is a son of Mr. Arnold Lunn, himself a winter sports' expert of Mürren



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

GOOD AND BAD CARD HOLDERS

A CORRESPONDENT writes that in two hours' play he held four hands with five honours and two hands with four Aces. The odds against any particular player holding the five honours in any one of the four suits are 504 to 1. The odds against holding four Aces in one hand are 378 to 1. My correspondent does not say how many hands he played in the course of the two hours, but to hold such combinations in six hands at a sitting is, in my experience, remarkable. Can any of my readers beat this record? It makes me envious.

In theory, I hold that there is no such thing as a good card-holder or a bad card-holder. My reason (such as it is!) convinces me of the truth of the fact. But my observation, extending over a long period of years, certainly does not tally with theory. At almost every Club I attend, there are certain players who are famed for the good cards they hold and others who are notorious as bad card-holders. I have heard certain people described as "bad players but good card-holders" and *vice versa*, and others, again, who are called "lucky players." It seems unlikely that all these ideas should be wrong. Of course, you may say that they, like other superstitions, are founded upon imperfect observation. The "good card-holders" successes are remembered and their failures forgotten.

I know a few players who admit that they regularly hold more than their average share of good cards, and I know many who complain that they hold less than their fair supply. Allowing for exaggeration and forgetfulness, are they all mistaken? Do the cards average themselves out within a certain limited period, so that a regular player, say in the course of a year, holds as many good hands as bad ones?

By Oswald Cuningham

"HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE"

Harassed Business Manager: "We agree to your demands for arbitration, whom do you suggest for arbitrator?"

Labour Leader: "Me!"

In the days of Whist, it was related of the author, "Pembridge," who was acknowledged to be one of the best Whist players in London, that his ill-luck was so persistent year after year that he had to join a Club where the stakes were threepenny points, the lowest then known. Are there some people whose luck at cards never changes?

Mr. R. F. Foster holds that there are some individuals whose luck never changes. He tells of a Whist player who held phenomenal cards for at least fifteen years. This was a Mr. Hand, who kept a little money-exchange booth in front of Charing Cross Station. Mr. Foster met him in 1891, and Mr. Hand told him that if he lost every rubber he played for the rest of his life he would still be ahead at the game. Fifteen years later, when Bridge was the game, he was still the greatest card-holder at the Club. The most popular explanation of the continued success of certain players at Auction is that they are not afraid to bid their hands. In fact, they habitually overbid them.

Although the state of the score above the line should not, in theory, affect one's bidding, it is only human nature when one has lost several hundred points to try to get a bit back rather than to go game. I saw a very unlucky rubber recently. Z and Y are both good players and sound callers. But they had been going down steadily on all their bids hand after hand. The position was game all, and A, B, over 400 to the good on points above the line.

Then Z dealt himself the following hand:—

S—A, K, 9, 5. H—A, K, Q. D—A, 2. C—A, K, 7, 4.

He called "two no-trumps." A and Y passed. B called "three Diamonds," and Z doubled, and all passed.

Z thought to himself as he admitted afterwards, "Here is a chance to get something back." I don't say whether he was right or wrong. He had eight certain tricks at no-trumps and a hundred Aces. On the other hand the double looked good with a distinct possibility of a fine of 200 or 300.

But what do you think happened? B not only got his contract, but an over-trick. He made four Diamonds doubled, 56 plus 156 for contract, an over trick and four honours in one hand, also game and rubber.

Of course, it was a freak hand. B held no Spades and no Hearts. His hand was: D—K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8. C—J, 10, 9, 8, 5, 4, 2.

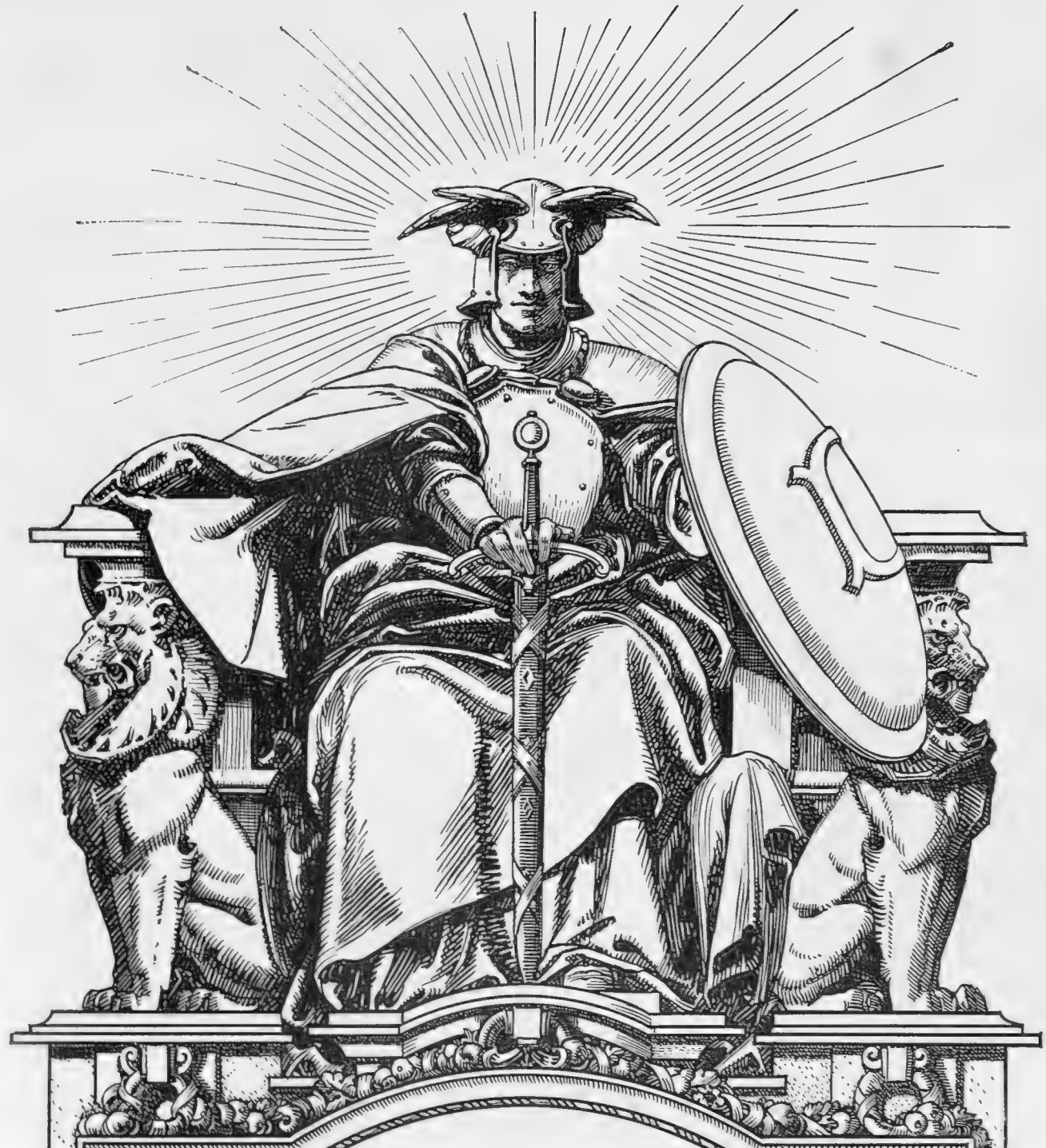
His partner A had—

S—Q, J, 10, 3. H—J, 5, 3, 2. D—7, 6, 5, 3. C—Q.

Y opened a Spade and B trumped and led a Diamond, which Z took with the Ace and then led a Heart, which B trumped, drew Diamonds and Z made only Ace, King of Clubs and Ace of Diamonds.

The moral is that of the old proverb, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." If Z had called "three no trumps" he might possibly have gone down one. He would certainly not have been doubled, and he would have scored his hundred Aces. It is true that B would probably have called 5 Diamonds. But in that case B would have been down and Z's good hand would not have been wasted.

One plays Bridge on probabilities, not certainties. It is easy to be wise after the event. But it is well to remember that the most promising-looking doubles can be defeated by freak hands.



DEWAR'S

The Spirit of the Empire

It is that unbroken EVENNESS that is so much appreciated in DEWAR'S. It is produced by the skilful blending of whiskies — Old and Ample.

DEWAR'S is simply a mingling of good things.

HAROLD NELSON

THE LITERARY LOG

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

MR. CROSBIE GARSTIN
The author of "The Coast of Romance," and "The Owl's House." The latter was published by William Heinemann last autumn

I do not know whether Mrs. Colquhoun Bell's *Blindness of Heart* (Cape : 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is her first attempt at fiction, but it is a remarkably good piece of work, for which I prophesy a considerable success. It is written with just that sparkle which the harassed reviewer rejoices to find. The story is modern and first-rate of its kind, and Mrs. Bell is on such good terms with her characters and has such a cunning eye for their points, good and bad, that her book reads like a chronicle of actual events. And in the two married sisters, whose one redeeming feature is their love for each other, I like to think that she has done a very big thing. Most cordially do I recommend this book to your notice, and you will do well to bear the author's name in your mind.

❋

What a pleasure it is to take up a novel which deals with no modern sex-problem and is not concerned to analyse the mind of some wretched neurotic! To read Mr. Albert Kinross's story of the 'nineties, *The Torch* (Duckworth : 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is to take a pleasant walk back into the days when London's traffic was not the abomination it is to-day, when the decadents were not the only people to set a fashion, and when the sixpenny weeklies were not called "highbrow." *The Torch* itself was one of these weeklies, and its short but eventful history, as told by one of its staff, makes up this gracious and distinctive book. *The Torch* succeeded, but only so long as it remained true to its ideals. When its editor sold it to the financiers who issued orders as to what shares were to be boomed, the men who had made it walked out of the office. Mr. Kinross recreates this period for us in his own particular manner, and his reputation should be considerably enhanced. In America he is already very well-known for his short stories : this book will be proof that in more elaborate work he can be just as successful.

❋

Bystander readers will be familiar with Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings' brilliant literary and dramatic work. He can be wickedly clever. He is more wickedly clever in a novel he has just published than I can remember him ever to have been. You must certainly read *Faithful Philanderers* (Long : 7*s.* 6*d.* net). You may consider it to be wholly divorced from real life ; you may even look upon it as a mere theatrical caricature ; but although it may irritate and even shock you, you will be highly entertained all the time. For beneath the outward glitter and tinsel of things there lurk serious ideas.

❋

What is it all about? You have a husband and a wife. He is a posing novelist whose works, I am convinced, not five men in England ever read. His wife is a dear who likes horses and dogs. They seem to be very well off. He has a great friend, who is a rich widow : she has a great friend who is a wealthy youngster. There are rows, but no really big rumpus until it comes out that the novelist's big income is being provided by the widow. A delicate situation, you must admit. What is to be done? No nice wife could suffer such a dreadful state of affairs, even though, as everybody knows, a "real artist" is a man apart, whose actions cannot be judged by the conventional standards. There is a deal of most amusing talk, mutual accusations, mutual confessions of extra-marital love. But, mark you, quite innocent love. Affection, perhaps, is the better word. Well then, but how to get out of the *impasse*? Divorce? Yes, but who is to divorce whom? I will not divulge Mr. Hastings' solution of the dilemma, but he has written a highly diverting book with a plot better suited, perhaps, for the stage than the page, yet no less amusing on that account.

❋

The real position of Poland, and the importance of a real friendship between that country and Great Britain, are shown remarkably well in a most interesting book by Count Alexander Skrzynski, a former Minister for Foreign Affairs. *Poland and Peace* (Allen and Unwin : 6*s.* net), may be regarded as the right kind of propaganda. There is no slurring over "difficult" situations, but you are given a clear insight into the various problems against which reborn Poland finds herself to-day. Moreover, Count Skrzynski writes so clearly and concisely that it is a pleasure to read him. Certainly he has succeeded in his main purpose—to point out the necessity for better Anglo-Polish relations.

❋

Mr. H. Thornton Rutter, the motor expert, has embarked upon a truly ambitious work, of which two volumes are now ready. *Modern Motors, Their Construction, Management and Control* (Virtue : 16*s.* net each) is a text-book, the value of which can be estimated at a glance. Like Dunhill's emporium, it contains everything except the motor itself. Every type of internal combustion engine seems to be described and all the latest "gadgets" are mentioned. The development of each part of a modern car is sketched out in detail, and you have a complete panorama of the whole industry. Mr. Rutter, moreover, writes well, and his book will intrigue the neophyte who is thinking of buying a small car as much as it will interest the engineering expert or the racer.

❋

An extremely handy little book to have about you, should you be going to find the sun in the South of France, is Mr. Leslie Richardson's *Things Seen on the Riviera*. The author, whose articles on motor-boats are famil ar to our readers, is a charming guide, and there is nothing Baedekerish about him. Which is not to say that useful information does not abound : it does. But nowadays, the Baedeker tradition is a little old-fashioned. Mr. Richardson is a safe guide, but not too insistent. There are many illustrations in his little book, which should receive a warm welcome.

A NON-FUNCTIONING A.B.C. By Batchelor

Railwayman : "The A.S.L.E. and F. ain't agoin' to be ruled by the likes of the N.U.R. and the R.C.A. and their blinkin' N.W.B., even if we 'ave to break with the T.U.C."

Man in the Street : "That's all very well. But how about W.O.R.K.?"

An Empire Preference

Photograph *Madeleine Robey*

MISS VERA FREEMAN

Who will appear in the new musical play "The Three Graces," which is due at the Empire on Saturday. Miss Freeman, who was one of the bright particular lights of "London Calling" at the Duke of York's Theatre, was at one time in the Grafton Galleries Cabaret show

The Winter's Tale

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE MISSES I. AND M. JURGENS

Two players in a snowy scene
Which only Winter's hand can dress—
A "run" that's certain to have been
A luge success

Femina

MASCULINITIES

By "CANDIDA"

NOWADAYS, when I meet some nice girl with a worried look written large upon her, I know that it's not the choice of a career, still less a love affair, that's troubling her. To bob, or not to bob, that is the question, or shall she have it "shingled," or what about that latest of latests, the wild-woman-of-Borneo cut which makes the most of every hair you've got—such an advantage when there aren't too many? They'll tell you at the hairdresser's that bobbing isn't done any more by the best people, and that "woman's crowning glory," etc., etc. But that's only said because even hairdresser-people must vary their programme a bit.

TO have one's hair bobbed is no end of an adventure, and, as in all really decent adventures, there's no foretelling how it will end. Tragically, sometimes. Wasn't there some fair young American with a beautiful auburn mop who decided to sacrifice the mop aforesaid on the altar of fashion, at least, that's how the American papers put it? The adventure turned out badly, and, hating what she saw in the glass, she, with the usual American hustle, promptly committed suicide.

NOT, of course, that I believe the story. If half the extraordinary things which are supposed to have happened in America really had happened there, the abnormal American would be the normal, and the normal one the abnormal, which isn't borne out by the samples they send over here. No; I prefer to believe that one must give one's imaginings a "local habitation and a name," and America's a nice, long way off.

IF one can't do anything desperate in the way of a romantic career, one can at least bob one's hair, even if one lives in the suburbs and does nothing more exciting than play Mah Jongg with fervour, and go to matinées once a week. Life, from the bobbed point of view, promises to be quite another and a livelier story. The idea is that when there's no hair to consider there will be time for all the good resolutions to come off, for all the may-be's and might-be's of existence which everybody's always struggling after, and never attains. But it's only a story, after all. Ask the bobbed, and they'll tell you that their hair is just as difficult and as expensive as ours to coax into the proper, latest shape. Woman's appearance, it was decided long ago, shall take her most of her time to keep up. Not, of course, to keep her out of mischief, that would be impossible, so they say, but to prevent her from dabbling in the things which man has conveniently arranged to suit his own purpose. That's why the bobbed hair craze alarms him. Bless his dear heart! There's nothing to be afraid of from that quarter.

FOR it's astonishing how bobbed and shingled hair and cigarettes and black satin pyjamas manage to make no difference at all to the feminine soul. In fact, I've noticed that the shorter the hair, and more obvious the cigarettes, the more you can bank on finding the eternal Eve underneath the surface. One I met the other day who had her cigarettes stamped with her signature and the family crest, and the ends of them were tinted a brilliant red. It's so annoying when the colour comes off in patches from one's artistic lips! But, on the whole, while we're as anxious as all that to live up to our idea of the outer man, there's no likelihood at all that we shall upset the scheme of things by trying to live up to the inner one. It's one thing to wear pyjamas; it's quite another to exert one's brain cells—if any—to the pitch of solving some of life's little problems—which dirty work is usually left to man.

ALL the same, it's rather amusing to notice how our "little bits of fluff" turn themselves into boys in appearance, and our brainy women, with aims and careers and things, are now as feminine in appearance as once upon a time they were the other thing. They dress themselves in "creations," have waved hair, long hair, of course, and some of them even wear a smile when they're photographed. Our boldest exploreress, who's travelled where "no white man went before her," looks, if you meet her at a party, as if she'd never left Bond Street. And men, bless their dear hearts again, forgive these clever people all their brains and their daring because you'd never suspect them of either if you didn't know.

Photograph *Lizzie Ayeame*

MISS VIOLET HOPSON

The popular heroine of British sporting films, who will be seen at over five hundred cinemas all over the Kingdom during the All-British National Film Weeks which start next Monday, February 4th. On that evening the Kinema Club will, most appropriately, hold their annual Carnival at the Hotel Cecil

MISS MARGOT ARMSTRONG

A young British film actress with a fine future. She plays Alice Adair in the Hepworth production, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," at the New Scala, which is preceded by a delightful "personal introduction" of the characters in their costumes. She also understudies Miss Alma Taylor and Miss Eileen Dennes in this prologue scene

MOTOR NOTES

A PRESENT FOR A GOOD BOY

Dr. Woodrow Wilson in his new 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce which some kind friends presented to him on his sixty-seventh birthday. (We are celebrating our birthday next week—will kind friends please note?

Motor-car agents are insisting that manufacturers should deliver their goods to their warehouses and showrooms free. At present most prices are "at works," and I know, as a matter of fact, Morris Motors charge £2 10s. per car to deliver them. Now the motor dealer says that the British public make more fuss about paying a couple of pounds or more for delivering their car than they do about the tax they pay for the road, which is on a far higher scale. Personally, I am sure that the agent hates having to add any extra to the catalogue price of the car, and often pays the carriage fee out of his own pocket sooner than annoy his customer. As motor-car agents nowadays do not get 20 and 25 per cent. discount on the vehicles they sell, as they used to do, and, moreover, have higher rates and taxes to pay, it would perhaps be advisable for the manufacturer to fix the price of his goods for home consumption at the catalogue price, to include free delivery in the United Kingdom. Sir Herbert Austin recently made the remark that his sympathies were with the motor-agent in disposing of cars for which there was little demand and where price maintenance was often a difficult task to perform. As far as the public is concerned, price maintenance without adequate service from the seller is of no interest, and, as the motor-agent nowadays states that the days of free service are over, there is little benefit gained by expecting the purchaser to sympathise with him in this trouble. If the dealer will give away a part of his profit to ensure a sale, how can you blame the purchaser?

* * *

Everybody knows, if they are old motorists, that some of the ancient stagers are still running in active service. Quite recently the Wolseley Company had a photograph sent to them of one of their 1900 cars, used for a total mileage already of over 200,000 miles, which is at present averaging about 5,000 miles per annum. It is being run by the All Diggers Picture Company in Australia, and the engine is used additionally to run a 9 h.p. generator for the klieg lights used in "shooting" in pictures. Talking about pictures, I went to see the cinema film that has been produced by Gaumont for the Napier Company, showing how the celebrated Napier aero-engine is built, which it is suggested will be shown at the forthcoming British Empire Exhibition. Mechanical films are dull affairs, as somehow or other the photographer in this business has not really learnt the beauty of machinery. What is the good of showing a spectator a tool working inside a cylinder when he cannot see what the tool is doing and only the streams of soap and water pouring to lubricate the job? To my idea, no film ever shows properly how carefully or how well any engineering job is effected, as there never is any decent "close up" and the finest operations always photograph very badly, because they are not stage-managed.

* * *

According to Mr. A. V. Ebblewhite, the reason why the members of the British Motor Cycle Racing Club do not hold every record in the world is that the Italians managed to abstract twenty-four out of some 240 records their members held owing to the silencing regulations enforced on the Brooklands track by a few of the residents at Weybridge. I expected to see large headlines in regard to this matter, such as "Injunction loses British Records," or "Silencing damages British Prestige," but, no, not a single scare line by the popular press. Perhaps they could not have been at the annual dinner of the club, or else did not realise the seriousness of the statement, as Ebblewhite, who is the official handicapper and time-keeper of the R.A.C. and Federation of International Automobile Clubs, seldom speaks, but when he does, it is very much to the point. British motor-cycle riders and manufacturers not only hold their own against all competition, but in the past have been looked upon as the top dogs in the game. It will be a pity if the British motor-cycle industry will not be able to continue to hold their proud position, if it is only a question of a little noise occasionally at Brooklands. Perhaps when the Restriction of Rent Act disappears so will the opposition, as, of course, one has heard of people making a noise in order to get higher value for their goods.

* * *

A report from Detroit states that the Manchester plant of the Ford Motor Company has set a schedule of building approximately 30,000 cars for production in 1924. This compares with what they performed in 1923, when they turned out 27,606 vehicles in ten months. I don't know what Ford vehicles call themselves nowadays, but 90 per cent. of their construction is British "made," if those concerned with this firm are as truthful as I believe them to be.

* * *

Government departments are notably slow. Also, once they have taxed a certain community, they grip tighter than an octopus, before parting or giving a rebate. Motor-owners, as they paid their road tax for the present year this month, sighed and wondered whether their cheque would be for a less amount next year, if they live long enough to pay one. As, however, there is no sign of any report from the Departmental Committee of the Ministry of Transport that is supposed to consider taxation of the motor vehicle and its owner, there seems little likelihood of getting any relief in the forthcoming Budget, whatever Government may produce it. Nothing but a strike of the motor vehicle industry, I fancy, could do anything to hurry this matter. What a pity it is that we do not form a Motor Owners' Trade Union. Anybody who is interested might write to "Old Hy," who would act as secretary, of course, honorary to start with, with the hope of a fat salary in the long run, as it appears but a stepping stone perhaps to a Cabinet Minister, which seems the ultimate end of Trade Union secretaries—poor fellows. Old Hy.

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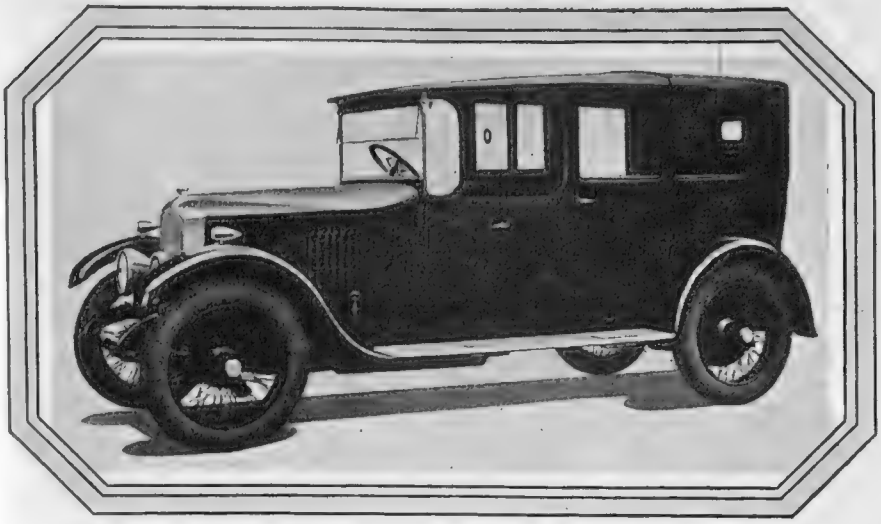

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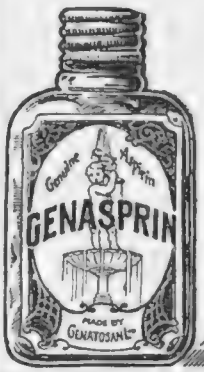

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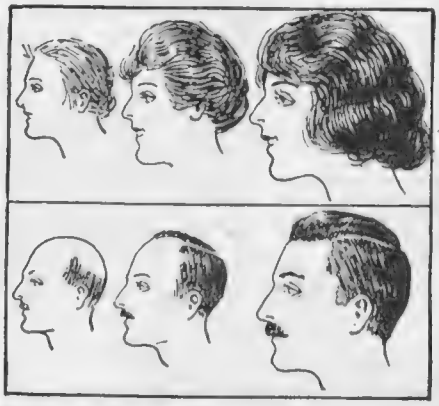

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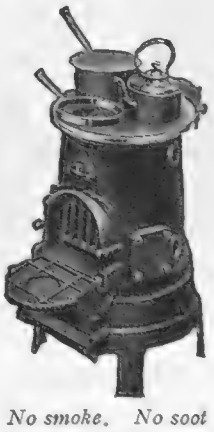

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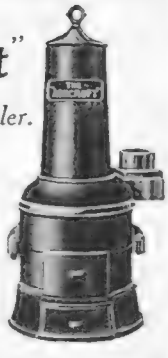

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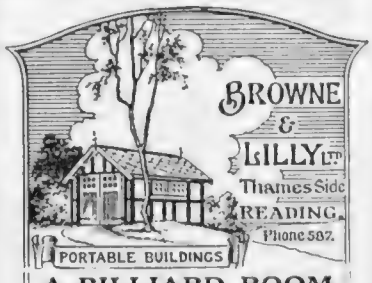

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"Country Life" Cigarettes
Pure Virginia
5½d for 10
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DINING-ROOM, RECEPTION-ROOMS, and **LIBRARIES** comprise choice examples of Adams, Chippendale, and Sheraton style, besides old oak refectory and other tables, Charles and Cromwellian chairs and buffets, old armour, and other trophies. A COMPLETE SET OF JACOBEAN DESIGN, INCLUDING BUFFET SIDEBOARD, CHAIRS, and DINING TABLE, offered at 18 Gns. COMPLETE SET IN CHIPPENDALE STYLE, including sideboard, dining chairs, and dining table, offered at 35 Gns. COMPLETE SET IN SHERATON STYLE, including sideboard, set of dining chairs and dining table, offered at 45 Gns. These few examples serve to illustrate the extremely low prices at which these goods are being sold. A VERY MAGNIFICENT COMPLETE DINING-ROOM SET OF QUEEN ANNE STYLE in finely figured walnut with carved and gilt relief, original cost 700 Gns., is being disposed of at 276 Gns. Art dealers should inspect. Grandfather clock en suite 20 Gns.

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Plus Ça Change, et Plus C'est la Même Chose

THAT is the most appropriate description of the *modes* of the moment. The dress problem is distinctly perplexing to the poor fashion chronicler, for the rumours going about are so varied, and frequently so opposed in character, that it is necessary to tread warily amidst the labyrinth. Paris, on the one hand, is said to be favouring skirts shorter and as slim, if not slimmer, than ever. And, on the other hand, one not only hears, but sees, *jupes* flaring many yards at the hem, and prevailing throughout is the straight line and absolutely figureless form. We may flare at the hem and the base of our sleeves, for the rest *c'est la même chose*.

Simplicity, the Insignia of Elegance

THERE are so many trifles and details that contribute towards this end, that the prospect is calculated to make the ordinary brain whirl. If, for example, you have a long black face-cloth coat—and what woman has not?—it must now be lined with an arresting colour, such as apple-green, orange or flamingo, or else toned to the frock or upper part of the frock worn beneath, and if collared with fur, that, also, must fall into some general colour scheme.

Grey silk stockings, it is to be remarked, are being affected with rat, chinchilla and squirrel, the rose *beige* toning up to beaver and nutria. The other day I saw a new shade of coloured kid shoes that can only be described as a faded pink, worn with nude silk stockings. The wearer provided a typical example of the neat appearance now decreed for the street, in a short, beautifully-made, wrap over-skirt of black face-cloth and a short coat, drawn in at the hips and very loose above, of black caracule. Her hat, a soft little black felt with rolled-up brim, had the crown swathed with crepe de Chine in fuchsia mauve and pink, the ends hanging down at one side to far below the waist—a far more attractive millinery danglement than the much-worn silk tassel.

What the summer has in store for us is on the knees of the gods, and the weather. But if frills and flare effects gain recognition, the probabilities are that they will have a slender, rather than a *bouffant*, appearance.

A SIMPLE AFTERNOON GOWN

A few short lengths of Persian embroidery add a distinctive note to this simple marocain gown, with its flared skirt and full georgette cuffs

Original design by "Beta"

A Frock of the Hour

MEANWHILE, there is safety in such a model as is here shown—a gown built on slender lines with a foot flare that is picked up in the sleeves. For its expression, favours are divided between a printed marocain and plain black marocain. The use made of these two is cleverly balanced, so that one feels the consistent thought carried throughout. And that is where the inspired designer has such an advantage over minds that travel slower, and so labour an effect. And it is the little, almost indefinable, touches that tell all the time.

A Touch of Persian Embroidery

THE East continues the good work of supplying us with the most ravishing colour schemes and embroideries. *Couturières*, together with those women who design and make their own clothes, visit all sorts of strange corners and neighbourhoods in quest of authentic pieces of Persian, Japanese and Chinese embroideries and materials. One of the most original ventures to

MAROCAIN À LA MODE

A smart blending of printed and plain marocain. The slender foot flare is tastefully repeated in the sleeves

Original design by Betty Nisbet

cross my path, is the turning of Mandarin's skirts into little house-coats. These skirts, many of them years old, but very beautiful in colouring and designs, can be picked up for a mere song; in fact, a few shillings, in the right places.

An example of what a short length of Persian embroidery in the form of narrow strips can do towards enhancing the appearance of a simple gown of black or dark blue silk marocain is shown in our sketch of an afternoon gown. The predominant colour note in the border is red, mingled with black, old blue and white, the red emphasized in that shiny *glacé* ribbon that almost resembles kid. And you see in this model the flared skirt very close and slim about the top, the marocain inclining to fall in soft clinging folds when the wearer is in repose. The sleeves, too, are worthy of remark, the *sous* cuffs of georgette, the fullness drawn into bands of the embroidery. With bits of several periods, this is essentially a modern creation.

Early Spring Modes for Children

SURFEITED with parties and pantomimes, children have headed back to school, and there has, in consequence, been much fluttering in the nursery dovecotes. Mothers and nurses are still holding

daily conclaves on the question of new clothes, capable of seeing their charges through the cold months still before us, together with the first days of spring. Not many under-clouts are cast by the wise, but outer and more visible raiment requires to be replenished or furbished up. So here we step into the arena with two simple, practical suggestions, suitable for girls from nine years to the early teens. The first is, perhaps, more applicable to the advanced age than the other, and represents one of those delightfully simple, unostentatious little frocks the well-bred English child alone carries off to perfection.

Easily got into — a very important essential — this model is effected in fine navy serge and is trimmed with a novel pocket movement, with epaulettes of scarlet and silver silk braid, the long easy fitting sleeve finished prettily with a strap of the same braid. With nothing about it to get soiled or out of place this surely is the right and best type of knock-about day frock.

Displayed on a smaller person, is the bettermost frock of *feuille morte* brown velveteen. The Russian tunic suggestion, ornamented down one side by small round buttons, is very attractive, while the collar and cuffs are of string-coloured net, which is so much more sensible than white. The narrow belt which passes through small slits on either side of the front, fastens at the back or, if preferred, this may be slipped out of sight through one of the slits.

TWO SUGGESTIONS FOR THE EARLY TEENS

The left-hand frock pictured is of fine navy serge, trimmed with novel pockets and epaulettes in scarlet and silver braid. The sister suggestion is of brown velveteen with a neat Russian tunic effect

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Bargains in White Wear

CLOSE on the heels of their general clearance, Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, in pursuance of their usual custom, follow on with what has come to be accepted as one of the leading all-white sales. It is, however, more a sale in name than actuality, as the goods are not surplus stock, but all fresh, new and up-to-date, the *lingerie*, which is the predominating feature, representing the best work of the Irish and French peasants. D. H. Evans are one of the biggest buyers, and after years of experience are in a position to know precisely what is required, and so place their orders when work is slack. Hence the white sale they hold every year.

For hard, general wear, there is nothing to touch some of the Irish peasant work, a great deal of which is hand-embroidered and trimmed good lace of appropriate quality, the French *lingerie* being generally of more *recherché* character. But both have their devotees at this establishment, and as the sale lasts only to the end of the month, there should be no standing on the order of a visit.

The customary illustrated catalogue has been issued, and orders through the post are taken in strict rotation. Of quite special interest to Indian and

(*Continued on page x*)

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

"LEFT LEG FORWARD — RAISE!"

Eight "features" of the new cabaret presented at the Grafton Galleries by Mr. Jack Haskell give a little demonstration of "P.T." as it is done in *some* theatrical circles

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

"Piping in the Haggis." At all Burns' Dinners (usually held on 25th January), the Haggis is brought in with musical honours, the dish having been immortalised by the poet in the following lines:—

"Fair fa' your honest sonsie face
Great chieftain o' the puddin race,
Aboon them a' ye tak' yer place
painch, tripe or thairm.
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
as lang's ma' airm."

It's a wise old custom to ..... take a peg of John Begg!

By Appointment since 1848.

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

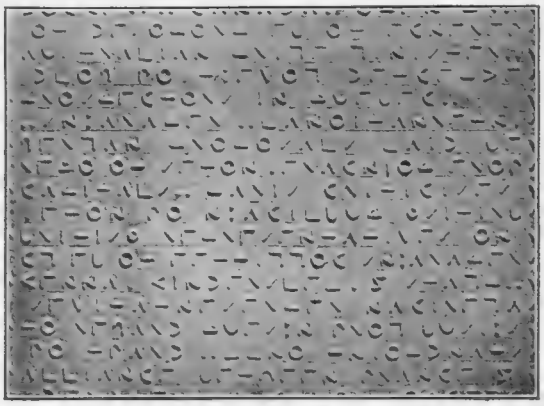
Colonial visitors is this sale, since they have an opportunity of acquiring garments at half the usual price, suitable to hot climates.

New Features

The faces of Oxford Circus and Regent St. are slowly changing, and some of the old features are being modified as surely as does a visit to a beauty "parlour" those of its lovely patrons. Whether the results are equally pleasing to passers-by in both cases is, of course, open to question. One thing, however, is certain — it will be pleasant to see the new features of Oxford Circus otherwise than through the veil of scaffolding and wooden hoardings. We therefore welcome the news that Peter Robinson's new premises (on the northern corner of the Circus) will be completed early in March. The old Regent Street house will then be closed, and the two new blocks will be used, the west one for ladies' and girls' wear, the east for men's and boys'.

City Sites

Down in the City, changes are fewer. Hence when one takes place it is something of an event. Messrs. G. Street and Co., the well-known advertising agency, have just moved to the new premises at 6, Gracechurch Street; for nearly eighty years they have remained in one spot—No. 30, Cornhill—except, of course, for the inevitable expansion due to increased business. The original founders of the firm occupied a couple of rooms at No. 30. In the new premises, five floors are occupied—a fitting tribute to this age of advertisement and its powers.

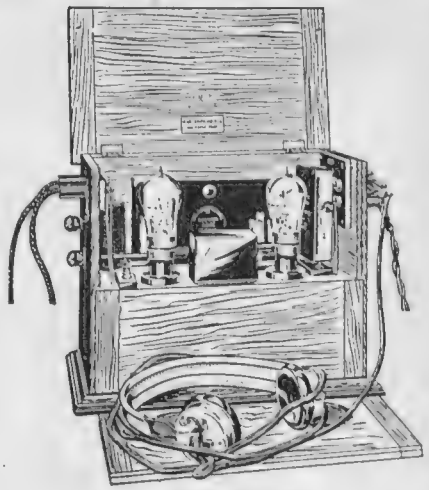


THE BLIND MAN'S JOURNAL

A facsimile from the front page of "The Moon," the first weekly journal to be published in Dr. Moon's embossed type for the use of the blind. This type has been devised to aid blind people who, through age or hard manual labour, have lost the delicacy of touch required for reading the Braille system. It is issued by the National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, W. 1., and costs 8s. 8d. a year

A Twenty-One Years' Run

It is not often that a journalist receives recognition for having written "Piffle," but an exception is provided in the case of Mr. W. L. F. Wastell, F.R.P.S., who, under the *nom de plume* of "The Walrus," has contributed a weekly article with this heading to *The Amateur Photographer and Photography* regularly for the last twenty-one years. In recognition of this achievement, the proprietors of the journal, Messrs. Iliffe and Co., Ltd., recently gave a dinner to Mr. Wastell, who was presented with a silver salver, appropriately shaped as an oyster-shell.



A "LISTENER'S LURE"

The popular V2 model Marconiphone, a two-valve receiver designed to give adequate volume over long ranges

Broadcasting Improvements

In the Marconiphone's range of receiving sets—the outcome of a quarter of a century of wireless experience—there are included models for every purse. One of the most popular is the Marconiphone V2, which costs just over £19. Although only two valves are employed, sound magnification reaches a degree hitherto only possible with three valves. This is attained by means of a special circuit which enables the action of one valve to be repeated. The instrument is exceedingly simple to adjust and operate, and has a considerable range, it being possible to receive wave-lengths between 300 and 2,900 metres by means of a simple system of interchangeable range blocks and regenerator units.

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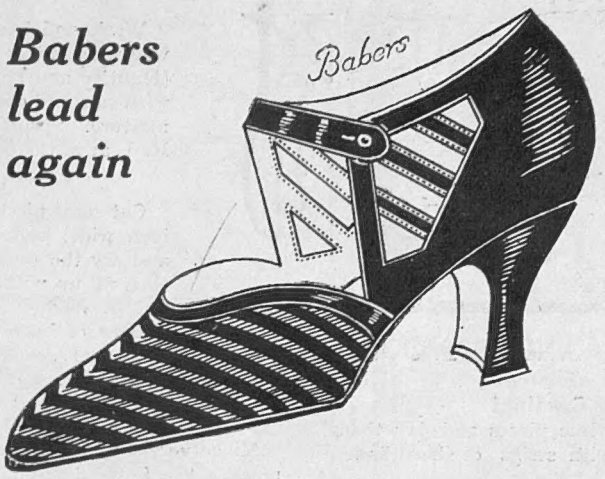

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An Appetising Hors d'Œuvre

Celeriac, which in appearance rather resembles a turnip, should be shredded very finely with a dressing of oil and vinegar, and sprinkled over with a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley.

Anchovies à l'Impériale

Season some fillets of anchovies with oil and lemon-juice, and lay them crossways on small croûtes of fried bread, fill the spaces between with some chopped white and yolk of hard-boiled egg and a few olives and chillies.

Sardines à la Royale

Shred some celery finely, and place on it the sardines, seasoned with oil and vinegar, and garnish with strips of beetroot, gherkins, and white of hard-boiled egg.

Fish Fritters

Prepare a batter, flake some smoked salmon or cod's roe, dust the pieces with cayenne, dip in the batter, and fry till crisp in oil. Drain well, and serve piled up.

Devilled Biscuits

Wash and bone some anchovies, and pound them well with butter and cayenne. Fry some plain biscuits (Huntley and Palmer's Thin Captain) in a little butter with salt and cayenne, and, while hot, spread with the mixture. Sprinkle a few bread-crumbs on the top. Re-heat in the oven and serve very hot.

Croûtes of Caviare

Cut some pieces of bread half an inch thick and one inch wide, hollow out from the centre a little piece, and fry the outer pieces a nice golden brown, and then fill up with caviare, flavour with a little lemon, and a dust of Nepaul pepper; on each toast put a piece of butter, and let them remain in the oven until they are quite hot. They should be served at once, when they form a nice savoury.

Oyster Toast

Mince very finely one anchovy, have ready a score of oysters, remove the beards, and chop very small. Mix the anchovy and oysters together. Put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of cream, add a little cayenne, and when heated through, spread on small rounds of buttered toast, and serve.

Sardines with Cheese

Drain and wipe a dozen sardines, take out the bones; dip them in oiled butter, and roll in grated cheese, place the fillets on fried bread croûtons, put them in a hot oven for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

Devilled Prawns

Cut about a dozen prawns in small pieces, sprinkle with cayenne, and then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and one tomato cut up small. Stew them over the fire or gas, stir till boiling, and add a little made mustard. Have ready small squares of fried bread, put some of the devilled prawns on each, and sprinkle over a little finely-chopped parsley. If fresh prawns are unobtainable, a tin of prawns, costing about a shilling, answers excellently for this savoury. EMILIA

N.B.—Emilia hopes that the above recipes will answer the requirements of a "Constant Reader."

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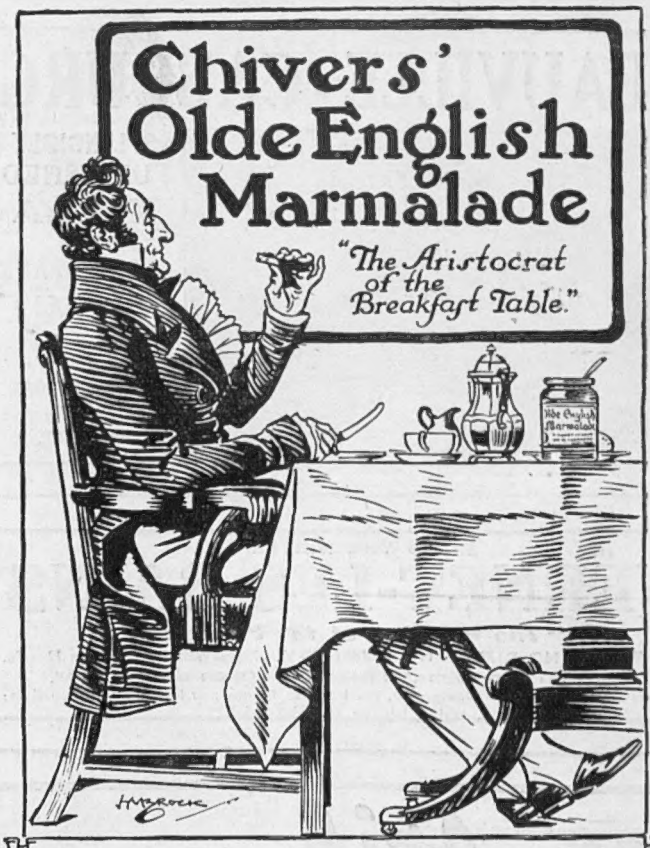

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